Vol I of this magazine was published under the title The Religious Cabinet.

Library of

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON MASS.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

Drawn by B. Visi. A. Dupi sc.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME

Vol I is entitled "Religious Cabinet"

8206-11
Part

VOLUME II.

The United States CATHOLIC MAGAZINE:

A

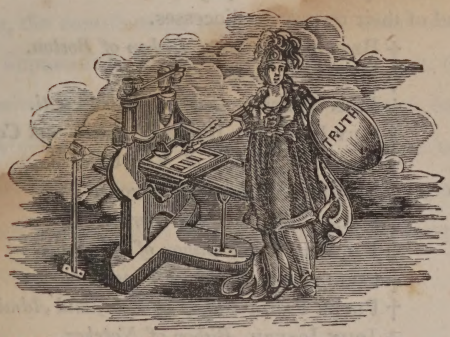
MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES,

A SUMMARY OF

Ecclesiastical Intelligence, etc.



You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free—JOHN VIII.

The Official Organ of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Richmond, and published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishops of the United States.

EDITED BY REV. CHARLES I. WHITE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY,
BALTIMORE:
146 MARKET STREET.

1843.

Catholic University of America
LIBRARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

9

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON. MASS.

5144

APPROBATION.

We earnestly recommend to the clergy and laity, the United States Catholic Magazine, a Catholic periodical published monthly in Baltimore. It is calculated to promote the honor of our holy religion, and will, we trust, have a place in every Catholic Library.

Baltimore, *Circumcision of our Lord*, 1842. † Samuel, *Archbishop of Balt.*

I hereby establish the United States Catholic Magazine my official organ of public communication with the clergy and laity of the archdiocess of Baltimore. Should it become necessary to address them on any subject before the regular period for the publication of the Magazine, an extra sheet will be issued, corresponding in dimensions and style with those of the periodical. † Samuel, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Feast of St. Mark, 1843.

"The undersigned wish to express their approbation of the manner in which the United States Catholic Magazine has hitherto been conducted; and their confidence in the able and zealous directors who superintend its pages, authorizes them to recommend it to the patronage of the faithful of their respective diocesses.

† Benedict Joseph, *Bishop of Boston.*
† Michael, *Bishop of Mobile.*
† John Baptist, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*
† Guy Ignatius, *Bishop of Bolena and Coadjutor of Louisville.*
† Anthony, *Bishop of New Orleans.*
† Mathias, *Bishop of Dubuque.*
† John, *Bishop of New York.*
† Richard Pius, *Bishop of Nashville.*
† Cœlestine, *Bishop of Vincennes.*
† Peter Paul, *Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of Detroit.*
† John Joseph, *Bishop of Natchez.*
† John M. *Bishop of Claudiopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*

"Having within my jurisdiction no press through which to publish the official documents of the diocess, I have selected for that purpose the United States Catholic Magazine, and as such recommend it earnestly to the reverend clergy and laity thereof.

† Richard Vincent, *Bishop of Richmond.*

NOTICE.

In presenting this volume to the public, we will observe that it forms the second of a series, the first of which is known under the title of the *Religious Cabinet.* The work, from its origin, has professed to be chiefly an eclectic periodical; but during the second year of its publication, the contributions received from various sources, have been sufficiently numerous and important to permit a slight departure from the design which we at first proposed to ourselves; and we believe that the deviation has met the views and wishes of our readers generally. A similar plan will continue to be pursued, and the main portion of each number of the Magazine will consist of original matter, while a due regard will be paid to such selections as may appear to possess any particular excellence.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

Articles marked thus * are original; thus † translations.

	Page
A Breton College under Napoleon,	8, 73
Anglican Church, Thoughts on the	172
Archbishop Carroll,*	341
Ad Populum, or Theology for the People,*	353, 735
A Letter on Prayers for the Dead,*	663, 725
Circumcision, Feast of†	43
Christian Architecture,*	562
Devotion to the Blessed Virgin,†	187
Discourse on the Right Rev. John Dubois,	278, 357
Daniel Webster's Bunker Hill Speech,*	476
Education in Rome,*	705
Fenelon, Anecdotes of his Life and Writings,*	65, 141
Gothic Architecture.—New Church,*	297
History of the Papacy,†	285, 365, 494, 554, 615, 682
Holy Week, Ceremonies of, at Rome,	46, 107, 235
Holy Eucharist, Letters on the—Letter III,*	87
Indian Missions—Letter of Father DeSmet,	113, 288
Memoir of the late William Jenkins,*	441
Missions at the Columbia River,*	502, 564, 739
Origin and Blessing of Bells,*	617
Poverty and Almsdeeds,†	91
Principle, a Tale,*	27
Public Charity and Primary Instruction at Rome,	39, 102
Pastoral Letter of the Fifth Provincial Council, Baltimore,*	367
Perpetuity of the Catholic Faith on the Holy Eucharist,*	464
Prascovia, or Filial Piety,	626, 685, 743
Remains of the late Richard H. Froude,*	1

Page
Religion in England before the Reformation, ... 534
Religion in England after the Reformation, ... 602
Ratramn, his Translator and Editors,* 610
St. Ambrose and Justina, ... 36
SS. Gervasius and Protasius, ... 98
St. Peter's Church at Rome,* 153
St. Thomas of Canterbury, Sketch of his Life,* 193
Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches,* 385, 577
St. Bernard and his Beloved Jerusalem,* 486
Southwell, Robert, Sketch of his Life,* 513
Southwell's Poetry,* 594
State of Catholicism in Europe,† 674
St. Bernard, a Sketch of his Life,* 716
The Bible in Spain,* 321
The Rosary,* 305
The Priesthood in the Church,* 20, 180, 227, 406
The Calendar, No. I,† 51
No. II,* 310
The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky,† 162
The Episcopalian Church a Modern Sect, ... 219, 269
The Zincali, or Gipsies in Spain,* 257
The Colonization of Maryland,* 397
The Book of Ratramn,* 412
The Edict of Nantes,* 423
The Spanish Inquisition,* 449
The Church in Russia, ... 496
The Church of Christ, an Essay, ... 541
The Sister of Charity, a Tale, ... 557
Theory of the Western Prairies,* 622
Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages,* 641
The Ladye Ela, a Sketch from British History,* 649
The Theatre,† 695
Voigt's History of Gregory VII,* 129

POETRY.

Affection,* 118
A Morning Hymn,* 748
Brotherly Love, ... 372
Catholic Melodies,* 96, 169, 245, 284, 419, 673
Dreamland, ... 553
Death of an Infant Relative,* 724
Eternity, ... 218

Page
Filial Respect, ... 152
I would not live alway,* 304
Lines on Humility, ... 19
Lines on the Proposal to erect a Monument to Bishop England,* 672
Man, ... 95
Perdidi Diem, ... 87
The Past and the New Year,* 35
The Shipwreck,* 45
Tribute to the Memory of a Dear Friend,* 277
The Mass, ... 350
The Bouquet,* 485
To the Blessed Virgin, ... 504
Virtue and Vice, ... 218

Foreign and Domestic Intelligence, . . . 54, 119, 190, 246, 313, 373, 445, 505, 567, 633, 697, 754

The Principal Items are:

Foreign—Catholicism in Spain, ... 54
Religion in the East, ... 57
Missions at the Rocky Mountains, ... 119
Mission in Guinea, ... 190
Religion in Great Britain, ... 191, 246, 445, 506, 634
Ireland, ... 248, 314, 375, 572, 698
Extraordinary appearance in China, ... 249
South America, ... 249
Religion in Jamaica, ... 315
Catholic Education in England, ... 374
Religion in Trinidad and Gibraltar, ... 375
Kirk of Scotland, ... 445
Canada, ... 446, 635
Belgium, ... 505, 567
France, ... 506, 568
Religion in Scotland, ... 508
Association of Priests in Rome, ... 567
Spain, ... 569
Rt. Rev. Dr. Baines, ... 571
Monument to Dr. England, ... 574
Statistics of the Catholic World, ... 633, 697
Germany, ... 635
Sandwich Islands, ... 699
Domestic—Statistics of Boston Diocess, ... 59
Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubois, ... 60
Protestant Association, ... 60

Page
St. Vincent's Seminary in Richmond, ... 61
Asylum for Penitent Females, ... 62
Religion in Wisconsin Territory, ... 122
Ordinations, ... 123, 124, 192, 446, 508, 636, 755
The Catholic Press, ... 124
Public Schools, ... 126
Spiritual Retreats, ... 250, 252, 316
Puseyism, ... 252, 447, 511
Statistics of Lowell, ... 317
Fifth Provincial Council, ... 376, 755
American Bible Society, ... 381
Worcester College, ... 510
Schism in New Orleans, ... 124, 637, 755
American Board of Missions, ... 638
Commodore Claxton, ... 755
New Churches, ... 121, 378, 380, 381, 447, 510, 637, 700
Literary Notices, ... 63, 127, 255, 319, 383, 512, 574, 640, 703, 759
Obituary, ... 64, 127, 255, 318, 382, 448, 574, 639, 702, 758
Editorial Remarks, ... 64, 128, 192, 256, 320, 384, 448, 640, 704, 760

ERRATA.

Page 51, towards the end of second column, for "Calendars," read "Calends."
" 53, first column, line eighteen, for "eleven," read "twelve."
" 170, last stanza, for "steeps," read "steppes."
" 485, for "Boquet," read "Bouquet."
" 555, first column, seventeenth line from the end, for "five," read "fourteen."
" 556, second column, for "Lucian," read "Lucius."
" 712, { first column, at the end, / second column, at the beginning, } for "MDCCCXIX," read "MDCCCXIV."

THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1843.

REMAINS OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD H. FROUDE, M. A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

PART I.—2 *vols.* 8*vo. London,* 1838.
PART II.—2 *vols.* 8*vo. London,* 1839.

THE above volumes contain the posthumous Remains of a Student of Oxford, whose opinions have excited an interest beyond the bounds of his own communion. He was one of the originators, if not *the* originator of the religious views, which have been sent forth to the world in the famous "Tracts for the Times." These "Remains" are curious, not to say important, as letting us into the secret of the feelings in which these views originated, and of the motives by which their upholders are actuated. They will also be read with interest as the aspirations of an ingenious mind in its search after truth; as the fearless enquiries of one not satisfied with the principles of the faith in which he had been brought up; and who, to use his own words, "felt hungry for some ideal perfection, of which he had no definite idea."

The editor of the volumes in question is presumed to be the Rev. Mr. Pusey, whose name will be familiar to our readers, as the great champion of the Oxford opinions, and whose followers are now designated after his name—the *Puseyites.* After informing us, that "Richard H. Froude was born in 1803, on the feast of the Annunciation, and that he died of consumption, on the 28th of February, 1836, when he was nearly thirty-three, after an illness of four years and a half," he proceeds to open to us the views by which this gifted young man was actuated. "When the great principle of Catholicism, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—always, every where, and by all—had once rooted itself in his mind, he determined not to flinch from results; when once convinced that the only safe way is to go back to the times of universal consent, he would naturally go on and say to himself: 'if I lay down this rule on one question, I shall not be dealing fairly with myself, honestly with my opponents, or reverently with Him to whom I am virtually appealing, except I carry the same mode of reasoning into all other questions, wherein it is applicable. Accepting the Church's interpretation of scripture in regard to the sacrament of the holy eucharist, I must not decline her doctrine of the accompanying sacrifice, gathered from the same liturgies and the same interpretation of holy scripture; believing her concerning the genuineness of the Bible, I must also believe her concerning a transmitted priesthood: taking it on trust from her creeds, that such and such is the only true account of the doctrines of the Bible, I may not doubt her consistent and perpetual witness, that such and such are the right rules for interpreting the same

holy book: I believe, because she assures me, that bishops only have the right to ordain; must I not believe her equally positive assurance, that excommunication is also theirs by exclusive and indefeasible right, and that it is no true eucharist which is not consecrated by hands which they have authorised.' These are instances of the manner in which the author of these papers reasoned. Such a mind, thoroughly uncompromising in its Catholicity, would feel deeply, that as ancient consent binds the person admitting it alike to all doctrines, interpretations, and usages, for which it can be truly alleged; so there is something less tangible and definite, though not less real than any of these, which no less demands his dutiful veneration, and to which he is bound to conform himself in practice; that is to say, the cast of thought and tone of character of the primitive Church, its way of judging, behaving, expressing itself on practical matters, great and small, as they occur. For what, in fact, is this character, but what an apostle once called it—'the mind of Jesus Christ' himself, by the secret inspiration of his spirit communicated to his whole mystical body, informing, guiding, moving it, as he will? A sacred and awful truth; of which whoever is seriously aware, will surely be very backward to question or discuss the propriety of any sentiment, allowed to be general in Christian antiquity, how remote soever from present views and usages; much more, to treat it with any thing like contempt or bitterness.

"Should it appear to him, for example, that the ancient Church took in their literal and obvious meaning, those expressions of our Saviour and of St. Paul, which recommend celibacy as the *more excellent way*, so as to give honor to those who voluntarily so abode, that they might wait on the Lord; and in particular to assume that the clergy should rather of the two be unmarried than married; he will not permit the prejudices of a later time to hinder him from honoring those whom his Lord so delighted to honor; he will consider that the same cast of thought which leads men to scorn religious celibacy, will certainly prevent marriage also, which they profess to honor, from being strictly religious. Should he find that the records of the fathers bear witness in every page to their literal observance of the duty of fasting, and the high importance which they attached to it, it is not the titles of 'Jewish, Pharisaical, self-righteous,' nor yet that of 'ascetic' (more widely dreaded than all), which will deter him from obeying his conscience in that particular. Should he perceive that the counsels and demeanor of the holy men of old, towards heretics and other sinners, correspond much more truly with the apostolic rule, *Put away from among yourselves that wicked person*, than with the liberal and unscrupulous intercourse which respectable persons now practice; for peace and quietness and good nature's sake, it is a conviction which cannot but widely influence both his judgment of other times and his conduct towards his contemporaries; it will lead to many a sentence that will sound harsh, and many a step that will be accounted severe; it will cause him often to shock those by whom he would greatly wish to be approved: and yet thus he must judge and act, if he will be true to his own principle, and conform himself throughout to the will of God, which the consent of those purer ages indicates. Again, he who makes up his mind really to take antiquity for his guide, will feel that he must be continually realizing the presence of a wonder-working God: his mind must be awake to the possibility of special providences, miraculous interferences, supernatural warnings, and the tokens of the Divine purpose, and also to indications of other unseen agency, both good and bad, relating to himself and others: subjects of this kind, if a man be consistent, must fill up a larger portion of his thoughts and affections, and influence his conduct far more materially, than the customs and opinions of this age would readily permit. . . . Assuming this, then, as our ground and first principle, that adherence to the doctrine of universal consent is to be strictly and really uncompromising, it seems no hard question, 'What is to be done, should the principles and practice of the age we live in, appear, on inquiry, in any material respect contradictory to those of ancient Christendom?' Clearly each one in his station is bound to

take his part, not with the new error, but with the old truth. . . . . Such were the views taken by the author of these 'Remains.' He entered on the study of the theology of the Reformers with the general and natural impression, that he should find a treasure of sound doctrine, and a tone of thought in unison with the ancient Church. He found himself greatly disappointed, and the process and result of that disappointment are exhibited in his correspondence. He speaks with the fervor of an earnest inquirer, and the indignation of one who had met, or thought he met, with irreverence, where he expected primitive piety."

Of the "indignation" here spoken of, an example or two may be in point. "Why do you praise Ridley? Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact, that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer? By the way, how beautifully the Edinburgh Review has shown up Luther, Melancthon & Co! What good genius has possessed them to do our dirty work? As for myself, I never mean, if I can help it, to use any phrases even, which can connect me with such a set." Again: "I have taken up Strype now and then, and have not increased my admiration of the Reformers. As far as I have gone, too, I think better than I was prepared to do of Bonner and Gardiner. The person whom I like best of all I have read about is Cardinal Pole. He seems the hero of an ideal world, a union of chivalrous and Catholic feeling, like what one hopes to find people, before one reads about them." Again: "I have been looking into Strype's Memorials and into Burnet a good deal, without finding much to like in the Reformers. Edward VI and his court were on the whole a poor set. I see that when Flanders was under excommunication, Master Edward promised to send over English clergy who would perform the offices of the Church, in spite of the Pope, for the above mentioned scoundrels." . . . "As to the Reformers, I think worse and worse of them. Jewell was what you would in these days call an irreverent dissenter. His Defence of his Apology disgusted me more than almost any work I have ever read." . . . . "I wonder that a thoughtful fellow, like H. does not get to hate the Reformers faster. As soon as I began to know ——, I felt they were the very kind of fellows he would most have hated and despised, if he had known them. I did not dare to sport my opinions, till I had read more and more. I believe I have a want of reverence, else I should not have got to hate them so soon as I did. —— was a long time in giving up Cranmer." . . . . "The movement was mainly originated and constructed by Henry VIII, and the Protector Somerset, and by ecclesiastics, evincing a most unworthy subservience to the capricious sensuality of the one, and the unblushing sacrilegiousness of the other." . . . . "There are substantial differences in the way of thinking and moral sentiment, which separate the Reformers from the fathers, more widely, perhaps, than any definite statements of doctrine. Compare the sayings and manner of the two schools on the subjects of fasting, celibacy, religious vows, voluntary retirement and contemplation, the memory of the saints, rites and ceremonies recommended by antiquity, and involving any sort of self-denial, and especially on the great point of giving men divine knowledge and introducing holy associations: there can be little doubt, that, generally speaking, the tone of the fourth century is so unlike that of the sixteenth, on each and all of these topics, that it is absolutely impossible for the same mind to sympathise with both. You must choose between the two lines: they are not only diverging, but contrary." In another place, speaking of the Reformation, he calls it "a limb badly set, which must be broken again in order to be righted." Writing to a friend, he says: "When I get your letter I expect a rowing for my Roman Catholic sentiments. But really I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more; and I have almost made up my mind that the rationalist spirit which they set afloat is the beast of the Revelations." . . . . "You will be shocked at my avowal, that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain, that in all matters that seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of

the Church which has preserved its traditionary practices unbroken." There is a prayer in the "Extracts from his private Journal," to this effect: "Save me, O Lord, from the snares of a double mind, and make my way stable before Thee. Suffer me not, when my foot slips, to lean upon a bruised reed, nor when my eyes are dim, to follow blind guides."

Young Froude appears to have imbibed at an early age the opinions and views, which have been taken up by the Oxford men, and which at this moment are causing so great sensation not only in England, but also on this side the Atlantic. He appears to have regarded himself in the light of a kind of apostle of regeneration to the Church of England, and to have prepared himself for his mission by some of the severer preparatives of the primitive ages, which have so wofully fallen into disuse in the Church of which he was a member. We will allow him to speak for himself. In his "Private Journal," of which large extracts are given in the volumes before us, he says: "This day (*Sept.* 19, 1826) I attended the Cathedral service at Exeter. This is a glorious place; I wish I could look on it as the temple of God, and feel his Spirit moving on the face of the waters. . . . . Respecting Church regulations for fast and abstinence, I consider that if the forms of *society* are calculated to make each individual feel his proper place with reference to others, and in helping us to act right in this relation, it cannot be absurd to heap up ceremonies in *religion*, which may be witnesses to us of the presence of the great King, and of the way of acting and thinking which suits our relation to Him.

"*Nov.* 12, 1826.—I went to New College Chapel. Being in the anti-chapel, I could not go through the right forms of standing and kneeling without attracting attention; as it was, I was much distracted with the thought that men were observing me.

"*Nov.* 11.—I went to Magdalen Chapel; and though I would not go through all the forms without obtruding myself on notice; yet it seems to me to have been very impressive, &c. I have been coming to a resolution that I will begin a sort of monastic, austere life, and do my best to chastise myself before the Lord; I will keep the fasts of the Church as much as I can without ostentation; give all the money I can save to charity or for the adorning of religion. The studies which I have prescribed to myself are Hebrew and the ante-nicene fathers.

"*April* 9.—This is the Monday of Passion week, and I have resolved to keep the whole week as strict a fast as I can, without being observed. Yet I feel very much afraid that I shall, at meals, find some artifice with which to deceive myself. So that to invigorate myself, I have thought it best to resume my old plan, of recording against myself what I have resolved. O my God, give me grace to turn this trifling effort to the lasting benefit of my soul; for it is through thee alone that I can either will or do any thing acceptable in thy sight. I must not let this go off in a puff, but use it to strengthen myself in abstinence and self-mortification. I hope I have put my hand to the plough, I must, with God's assistance, be most vigorously on the watch, lest I forfeit my inheritance by looking back.

"*Oct.* 4, 1837.—I intend to receive the Sacrament next Sunday, and want to have some settled notion what particular weaknesses I must pray for support against. . . . . I must keep my body under, and bring it into subjection. . . . . I suppose, when I have been accustomed to fasting a little longer, I may be able to shake off the silly fancies about exhaustion, which get possession of me.

"*March* 25, 1828.—I am to-day twenty-five years old. I have begun it with a specimen of my state. I did not know this morning that it was either my birth-day, or the feast of the Annunciation: and yet all the term, I have watched for the approach of Saints' days for weeks beforehand. This is very humiliating, and, upon the whole, I have every reason to be dissatisfied with myself for the conduct of this year. *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.*

"I have been looking round my rooms, and thinking they looked comfortable and nice, and I said in my heart, 'Ah, ah! I am warm; it is disgusting for a fellow like me to be enjoying the fat of the land.'

"*Oct.* 27.—I was not up till half past six;

slept on the floor, and a nice uncomfortable time I had of it! Tasted nothing to-day till tea-time, and then only one cup and dry bread.

"*Nov.* 6.—I felt to-day as if I had been getting enthusiastic, and that the secret world of new pleasures and wishes to which I am trying to gain admittance, is a mere fancy. . . . . I am glad of the advice given me about penance; for my spirit was so broken down that I had no vigor to go on even with the trifling self-denials I had imposed on myself: besides, I feel that though it has in it the color of humility, it is in reality the food of pride. Self-imposed, it seems to me quite different from when imposed by the Church; and even fasting itself, to weak minds, is not free from evil, when, however secretly it is done, one cannot avoid the consciousness of being singular. . . . . I think since the end of lent, except on one of the Rogation days, I have imposed no manner of restriction on myself. I mean to fast to-day, being the first of the Ember-days, and *hope* to keep the two others strictly: but I hardly know my own mind. *Evening:* I have not kept my fast to-day, as I intended, having only gone without breakfast: for by the time I had done lectures, I felt so very stupid, that I fancied it was more than I need do to exaggerate the cause. . . . . Dr. —— has told me to indulge in a more generous diet, and I was glad of the excuse. . . . . I am weary of finishing the course which I had prescribed to myself. The enthusiasm which set me off has gradually died away, and I am left to go on resolutions, the aim of which I often lose sight of.

"*Nov.* 18.—I have slackened my rules to-day, and let go my dreamy feelings, that have been keeping me up. Bad as I am, it seems as if I might, not indeed be too penitent, but penitent in a wrong way. Abstinences and self-mortifications may themselves be a sort of intemperance. They ought not to be persevered in, farther than as they are instrumental to a change of character in things of real importance; and the lassitude which I have lately felt, is a sign that they will do me no good just for the present. How hard it is to keep a pure motive for any thing.

"*Nov.* 30.—I was rather braced up this morning by reading about the martyrs in Eusebius, and sat in the cold very well, &c."

In the perusal of the above extracts, the writer's declining state of health must not be lost sight of.

To enable the reader to form some idea of the views by which the author of these "Remains" was actuated, we shall, without further comment, proceed to give some short extracts from these curious volumes. In one of his letters, he says: "For a long time —— looked on me as a mere sophister, but P. conciliated his affections with Palmer's chapter on the primitive liturgies, and I verily believe that he would now gladly consent to see our communion service replaced by a good translation of the liturgy of St. Peter; a name which I advise you to substitute in your notes to —— for the obnoxious phrase 'Mass-book.'" Again: "I can see no other claim which the prayer book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the Church, which the Breviary and Missal have not in a far greater degree."

"I wish Palmer would publish a supplement to the '*Origines Liturgicæ*,' with the anaphora of the primitive liturgies in Greek. Have you read Brett's translation of them? They are a death-blow to Protestantism, if Palmer is right about their antiquity and independence." Writing to another friend, he says: "Do not forget to send me the parts *autumnalis* and *hiemalis* of my Breviary, which I forgot to bring with me."

The editor offers us the following exposition of Mr. Froude's views, on points connected with the above. "The view which the author took of his own position was probably this,—that he was a minister not of any human *establishment*, but of the one Holy Church Catholic. His loyalty is engaged to this Church Catholic, and he cannot enter into the drift and intentions of her oppressors without betraying her; for example, he cannot sympathise in the provision which hinders his celebrating five out of the seven daily services, which are his patrimony equally with the Romanists: again, doubtless, the spirit in which the present

establishment was framed, would require an affectionate admiring remembrance of Luther and others, for whom there is no evidence that the author of these volumes ever entertained any reverence."

In another of his letters Mr. Froude says: "I have two schemes about the 'Tracts:' first, I should like a series of the apostolical divines of the Church of England; secondly, I think one might take the Jansenist saints, Francis de Sales, the nuns of Port Royal, Pascal, &c., who seem to me to be of a more sentimental imaginative cast than any of our own, and to give more room for writing *ad captandum*. Must it not be owned, that the Church of England saints (*query*, who are they?), however good in essentials, are, with a few rare exceptions, deficient in the austere beauty of the Catholic ethos."

Again: "Would to heaven that we could concoct a second edition of old times again. . . . . Your old project about the mendicant orders was the sort of thing, though, perhaps, something connected with later times would tell more, just at present."

"How many a goodly monument of ancient piety, how many a sacred relic of saint or martyr, has been insulted and destroyed under the color of religious zeal. Nay, even the perilous and shocking step of denying the Godhead of our blessed Lord, has by some persons been taken under the false conviction that they were flying from idolatry."

In a letter from Cintra, where he visited the two convents situated on the highest points of the mountain, he exclaims: "These Roman Catholics are queer fellows, they are determined to be admired and not envied: we, unhappily, by an inverse ratio, are envied and not admired."

In one of his letters from Rome, he says: "As for travelling, it is melancholy to think how little one gets for one's time and money. The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition, is having formed an acquaintance with a man of some influence here, Monsignor ——, the head of the Roman college, who has enlightened —— and me, on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay, that not one step could be gained without swallowing the council of Trent, as a whole.

"We made our approaches to the subject as delicately as we could. Our first notion was that the terms of communion were, within certain limits, under the control of the Pope; or that in case he could not dispense solely, yet at any rate, that the acts of one council might be rescinded by another; indeed, that in Charles the first's time, it had been intended to negotiate a reconciliation on the terms on which things stood before the council of Trent. We found to our horror, that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive council obligatory forever; that what had been once decided, could never be meddled with again; in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's time, &c. I met Mr. ——, the offensive —— man, the other day, and he sported the following sentiment,—he wondered at Cardinal Gonsalvi for leaving a large sum of money towards rebuilding St. Paul's here (which was burnt down some years ago), when he might have left it to what would be a 'real national work,' such as clearing out the Forum or repairing the Coliseum. I could hardly refrain from insulting him, but have given up that line."

We must trespass upon the patience of our readers with one other quotation, and we have done.

"I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded, is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism. On this point I must write you out a sentence from Pascal. Speaking of Isaiah xiv, xv, he says: 'Till the time of his incarnation Christ remained hidden under the veil of that nature which concealed him from human eyes; and when the time of his appearance came, he still

remained hidden under cover of his humanity. At length, when he was pleased to fulfil the promise made to his apostles of remaining with them all days even to his last coming, he chose to remain under the most strange and obscure secrecy of all,—the eucharistic species.' And then he goes on to say, that deists penetrate the veil of nature; heretics that of the incarnation; 'but for ourselves,' he adds, 'we should think ourselves happy that God has so far enlightened us, as to recognise Him under the species of bread and wine.' I believe that you will agree with me that this is orthodox." A very striking extract is then given from the celebrated Goethe's "Memoirs of his own Life." Again: "In respect to the scriptural miracle of the eucharist, it is objected that the eucharistic bread and wine cannot be supposed to become that very body of Christ which was broken for us, and that very blood of the new testament which was shed for us, without supposing that the body and blood of Christ are at the same time present in two places, in heaven and on the altar: and that this is a contradiction. Now I am convinced, that upon serious reflection, faithful Christians will admit it to be no contradiction. As to the sense in which it is true to say that the body and blood of Christ are present on the altar, many persons may have differences about it; but that there is any contradiction in supposing the very body of Christ which is in heaven, to be on the altar, they will, I think, see to be an ignorant prejudice. . . . I have heard serious persons argue, that were the miracle of the eucharist revealed in scripture so distinctly as not to admit of evasion, they would rather disbelieve their eye sight which told them the existence of the text than the concurrent testimony of two senses, which prove that no change takes place in the bread and wine; or, as some with less reverence express themselves, that they would rather believe the Bible false, than the miracle true. Their method of arguing does not seem becoming in the professed followers of Him who has said: 'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.' To convince serious persons with how little favor God is likely to regard this particular species of scepticism, it may be useful to remind them of the double miracle recorded most unequivocally in scripture, which was as completely concealed from the senses of the person for whose instruction it was performed, as the miracle of the eucharist is from our senses, and which he was likely to have paid a heavy penalty for disregarding.

"The ass on which Balaam rode, stood still, contrary to her wont, in an apparently unobstructed road: she was his ass on which he had ridden ever since she was his unto that day, and she was never wont to do so with him. This, it seems, ought to have convinced Balaam, taking into consideration the warning he had received from God, that some cause, miraculous, though invisible, was operating to prevent his progress. Balaam, however, looked before him, and he saw nothing but a clear path among vineyards, with a wall on this side and a wall on that side. 'Shall I not,' he might have said, 'believe the evidence of my senses? Am I to rely on dreams that I had last night, and on the past faithfulness of this animal, rather than trust what I see with my own eyes?' Balaam's was truly a Protestant spirit; and his anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with his staff. Yet Balaam had little reason thus to rely on his senses, and God made little allowance for his doing so: and unless the faithfulness of his ass had prevented his following his own will, there was one in the way who would have slain him, and left her alive. 'The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand.' The angel of the Lord was as really standing in the way before Balaam saw him, as afterwards; and the bread and wine may become as really the body and blood of Christ, though we perceive it not, as though we perceived it. Balaam's disbelief deserved that the angel of the Lord should slay him; of how much sorer punishment shall we be thought worthy, should it prove that we have trodden under foot the Son of God!"

The same views respecting the holy eucharist are more fully developed in a paper,

of which the headings are: "On the invisible powers of the apostles;"—"The apostolic eucharist miraculous;"—"The apostolic eucharist sacrificial;"—"No eucharist without a priesthood."—(*Vol.* I, *pp.* 98—160.)

The last of the volumes in question contains a "History of the contest between Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry II of England; chiefly consisting of translations of contemporary letters extracted from the printed edition of the collection in the Vatican, and from other sources." This subject has evidently been chosen by the writer in order to illustrate his views respecting the power of excommunication, as virtually abandoned by the Church of England; a procedure which Mr. Froude and his followers look upon as a vital departure from the spirit of the apostolic age. The greater part of this volume is written in a truly Catholic spirit, and the character of Thomas à Becket is ably vindicated from the aspersions of party historians. In a future article we shall have occasion to return to this subject. Of the ardor and research with which the author had prosecuted his enquiries on this subject, we have abundant testimonies before us. Take the following: "Monsignor —— desired me to apply to him if I had any occasion to consult the Vatican library. I expect to see there the original *Epistolæ Sti. Thomæ* (which were sent to be deposited there by the sainted writer himself).

"*April* 13, 1833.—When we are there [in France], we shall, I suppose, see Avignon and Nismes, and then steam it up the Rhone to Lyons. Between that and Paris, I hope to visit and make drawings of some of the abbeys, churches, &c., which are connected with the history of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

"*May* 23.—What I have seen since my last letter has been more interesting to me than any thing else, except Rome. We stopped about at many places in the central part of France, to see out-of-the-way things connected with Becket's history, and found many of them so very curious and striking in themselves, that they would amply have repaid us by their own merits."

From the British Critic.*

A BRETON COLLEGE UNDER NAPOLEON.

La Petite Chouannerie; ou, Histoire d'un Collége Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. 8vo. Londres, 1842.

IT is one of the cheering symptoms of the age, that an increasing interest is felt about the prosperity of our neighbors across the channel; and if any portion of the Catholic world deserves attention at this moment it is France. It is through France that German philosophy is moving northward; she is at this moment the arena on which the Church is combating the wisdom of the powers of this world; and we should have our eyes fixed upon her literature and general tone of feeling: for there is being fought a battle in which we soon shall have to take our part, if the time be not come already. The disease which now infects society in France is not the wretched atheism of Voltaire; it is a far more attractive and subtle system, an imitation of the Catholic Church which it would fain combine and modify to suit the taste of this philosophic age. Look into the pages of nearly all the modern French historians; you will find the services of Christianity to the human race acknowledged with enthusiasm, and the saints eulogised in a way which, if it were not for a tone of bold irreverence, would make the reader suppose that he had before him the productions of a Catholic. Let him go a little further, and he will soon

* See *Religious Cabinet*, vol. i, p. 339, *note*.

find his error; Catholicism is with them one very beautiful side of human nature, but it has had its day; it suited the infancy of nations, and was a toy for barbarians to play with. In one page St. Augustine figures—in the next, Pelagius; one, according to them, defended fatalism, the other liberty; but each was admirable in his way, for each followed the bent of his nature, and had a perfect right to do so. These are however, but the external indications of the system; it is founded on a philosophy, evanescent enough certainly, but still a philosophy professing to be based on reasoning. Its professors talk loudly of the oneness of truth; yet, strange to say, this unity consists in its changeableness. Its unity lies in the mind, which is one; so that truth is but the stirring of the great mind of the universe, and its symptom and outward development is human nature. Thus the prevailing opinion in every age is the standard of truth with these philosophers, and the intellectual progress of man is their symbol. "*Le progrès*" has become quite a technical word with them; it is the shibboleth of La Jeune France. We have spared the reader its bold blasphemies on the subject of the nature of God; but with that exception, the above is a tolerably correct outline of the philosophy which has seduced some of the greatest intellects of France; it is even said to number amongst its ranks La Martine and La Mennais. However empty and unsatisfactory it may be in itself, it possesses one great qualification to catch those who are not earnest enough to close at once with Christianity; it looks like Catholicism, without imposing any restraint upon the will or the reason. It allows of brilliant writing and enthusiastic feeling on the glories of the middle ages. It may praise and admire indefinitely, and deck itself out in the beauties of every system; it may ransack the poetry of the whole moral and physical world, for all lies equally open to its libertine taste. In a word it simulates the unity of Catholicism, without the severity of its creed, and all its beauty without its austerity.

The only way to oppose Pantheism is to put forward that reality which this shameless doctrine imitates; the Church alone can fill the craving void in the heart of France, which she evidently feels so acutely. It is not natural to France to be irreligious; the steady progress of the Church through the turbulent history of the last fifty years is a proof of it. We do not talk at this moment of the French revolution itself—the Church was then under persecution, and therefore sure to flourish; but we would but look back to the time when it was established (such as the establishment was) by the concordat of 1802. The churches were a scene of desolation and ruin; their walls were covered with the obscene figures and inscriptions which had taken the place of the images of the saints; the lead had been torn off the roof, and the bells had been melted to make cannon; the gold and silver ornaments had been sent to the mint. But the most crying evil was the want of clergy; many of the priests had been martyred during the revolution, many had died in exile, and of those who returned, many were so enfeebled by old age and suffering that they were hardly capable of performing their functions. The whole of the external machinery of the Church was gone, and there were no means of replacing it. In former times monasteries would have become seminaries of education for the priests, but of all these not one remained; Mount St. Michael, Fontevrault, Clairvaux, and Bec, had become either prisons or barracks, and Napoleon was not the man to withdraw either dragoons or felons to make way for monks. In addition to these evils, the youth of the country was drained off to fill the armies of the tyrant, and many a Frenchman who would have become a holy priest, left his bones in Russia, or in any of the four quarters of the globe to which the imperial will was pleased to send him. Yet, amidst all these difficulties, the Church in France has steadily risen; it has survived one more revolution, which had threatened it with destruction: it now finds that it is flattered and courted by the government; princes and state officials crowd its aisles; the archbishop of Paris has at length, in the face of the people who burned his predecessor's palace, walked in procession through

the streets of the city. Nor is it in these particulars alone that the Church is holding up her head; the intelligence of the country seems to be turning in her favor; statesmen and laymen have taken up the pen in her defence, and that not as the timid apologists of the outworks of Christianity, but as the defenders of the mediæval Church, with all its calls upon the implicit faith of the age. Frenchmen do not want books of evidences, and Paley would have but a poor chance of being read, if he were translated into French; they want to have the Catholic Church put before them in all its severe beauty, and this has been done in different ways by some of the most distinguished writers of the age. Of these we need only mention three—Count Montalembert, the author of the life of St. Elizabeth; M. Azanam, who has employed himself on the scholastic philosophy of the thirteenth century; and M. Riò, the author of the work which stands at the head of this article. We have chosen him to give the reader a notion of Catholic literature in France, because his book is calculated to oppose that which forms the especial danger of the French Church at this moment—that is, a servile dependence on the civil power. To be favored by the state, or by any one on earth but the "pauperes Christi," is so novel a situation for the French clergy, that they seem tempted to make the most of it. The times of which the work before us treats, should remind them that it is not always best to put their trust in princes, or in any child of man.

M. Rio is already known as the author of a book on the painting of the middle ages, in which he has advanced a proposition which must startle most modern virtuosi, and the whole class of travellers, who derive their notions of painting from guide-books and Ciceroni. What is commonly called the revival of the arts under the Medici, he considers to be an irruption of Paganism; whilst, for all genuine Christian painting, he leads us back to the middle ages. One thing he certainly has proved, that modern painters consider the object of their art to be the faithful imitation of nature in its external form; the religious artists of ancient times took for their subjects those supernatural emotions which were unknown before Christianity—so that, with them, the outward development was looked upon, not as an end in itself, but as the expression of the mind within. In a modern picture of a martyrdom, the chief object of the painter is to express correctly the anatomy of the martyr's body; a middle-age painter did his best to throw into the martyr's features, and into the outline of his limbs, his triumphant joy and the eagerness of his sacrifice. Painting, according to M. Rio, should be the realization of the invisible; it should give a body and a form to what is spiritual; and this theory he has drawn out with considerable eloquence, and, what is better, with a thoroughly Catholic feeling. The title of his book is singularly, though, for aught we know, accidentally, in accordance with his theory, for it is calculated utterly to puzzle the reader, until he is illuminated by the contents of the book itself. It is called "De la Poésie Chrétienne;" further down there appears on the cover, "Forme de l'Art, Peinture," but whether poetry or painting, or both, is to be the subject of the book, is difficult to discover. Painting certainly appears quite subservient to poetry, and it is not till we get into the work itself, that we find out the meaning of its mysterious title. The book which we have undertaken to review also bears a title which gives an inadequate idea of what it contains; it is called, "La Petite Chouannerie." Those who know that Chouan is now a nickname for a Carlist, will form a rough guess of its subject, but beyond this, we suspect that even French readers would be puzzled to get a clear notion of the contents from the name. The book has neither preface nor conclusion, and it looks as if it were an episode in a larger work. The narrative is written in the first person plural, as if the author had borne a part in the exploits which he relates; but we are left in the dark as to whether this is the case or not, though some modest asterisks in a poem quoted at page 297 incline us to suppose that he was a chief mover in the scene which he describes.

"La Petite Chouannerie" proves, on a

nearer inspection, to be the history of a number of youths who quitted the college of Vannes, in Brittany, to join the army of Bretons, who in March, 1815, opposed Bonaparte's power. At first sight the subject promises little but battles and bloodshed, which, however interesting, are seldom very edifying spectacles; the author, however, has introduced a variety of details on the state of the French Church under Napoleon, and on the religious spirit of the brave Bretons who then took up arms, and thus has rendered his narrative one of the most charming we have met with for a long time. He has invested his young heroes with a romance which carries us back to the age of chivalry; we can hardly believe that, in the nineteenth century, such a spirit should animate a whole country, as to rouse the peasant from his home and the student from his college, to defend the ministers of religion from oppression. The inhabitants of the western part of France, especially Brittany and Poitou, are a singularly religious race; they remain almost untouched by the spirit of the revolution, during the greater part of which they were in a state of warfare with its agents. They were a perpetual thorn in the side of the republic, from which they wrested a toleration of religion which extended nowhere beyond the charmed boundary which these brave men, at the expense of their repose and of their blood, created for themselves. If they gained nothing else, at least this preservation from the contagion of irreligion is the reward of their self-devotion. Religious war seems almost a contradiction in terms; but if it be not absolutely unlawful for a Christian to take up arms, the protection of the oppressed and the defence of the Church are the purest motives for which he can turn soldier. If ever, then, there was a cause for which it was meritorious to fight, it was that for which the Bretons and the schoolboys (for really they were no more) of Vannes encountered all the hardships and dangers of an unequal warfare. It was not a mere caprice which thus led these youths to risk their all in such a cause; it required a settled enthusiasm to endure the pains of a campaign. A soldier's life necessarily implies a severe discipline and strict obedience, lyings on the ground, watchings, cold and hunger, which, strange as it may appear, bear a close resemblance to a monastic rule; and all this, not to speak of the dangers of the field, M. Rio and his companions endured, for the sake of relieving their priests from restrictions put upon them by an usurping government. It is true that they also took up arms for the Bourbons, but the proximate cause which drove them to resistance was, as we shall see, Napoleon's oppressions of the clergy. The principle of passive obedience does not seem, in this case, to come into question at all. It is quite true that the arms of the Church consist in fasting and prayer—her weapons are the keys which her Lord has entrusted to her keeping; the moment, therefore, that she stirs up her sons to raise an arm of flesh against the powers that be, she quits the high vantage ground on which Christ has placed her, and descends to take her place amongst the kingdoms of this world. If a temporal power ordained of God orders a Christian to do what is unlawful, he must patiently abide the penalties which the world chooses to inflict, and refuse to execute the command; in this case passive obedience is unlimited. But the powers which the Vendéens and the Bretons resisted were not the powers ordained of God; the sovereignty of France was vested in Louis XVIII, and his, to all intents and purposes, was the authority which they were called upon to obey. Success alone cannot make a usurper a rightful sovereign; usurpation is a crime, which implies that there is a right and a wrong in the matter, a lawful and an unlawful authority. It is quite true that an usurped power may in time become a rightful one, and it is also true that it is very hard to lay one's finger on the precise time when it does become lawful. But we will venture to say that such was not the case with the government which the Vendéens, and at a later period the students of Vannes, resisted. As for the leaders of the French revolution, with whom the Vendéens waged their noble struggle, it is hard to say in what sense they were a government at all; they were

no more the "powers that be" than a gang of highwaymen, who are certainly the successful party when they stop a traveller on the highway. Napoleon, anointed as he was by the Pope, and recognized at once throughout France, might at one time have made out a stronger case; but at the time of the Breton insurrection, his position was completely changed. First of all he was excommunicated; besides which, scarce a year before he had abdicated his throne, and France had sworn allegiance to Louis XVIII. Again, it should not be forgotten, that in the eyes of the Bretons the Bourbons were not only the recognized sovereigns of France, who had been dethroned by an usurper, but also the family in which the kingdom was vested by divine right. If any reigning house in the world could lay claim to such a title, that of St. Louis was the one; for nearly a thousand years, the line of Capet had possessed the throne in uninterrupted succession, during the course of which it had produced many kings who fully deserved the title of Most Christian. They had been the chief support of the Church during the struggle with the German emperors; three archbishops of Canterbury, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and St. Edmund, found a refuge with them when all the world had abandoned them; and the race had acquired a new sanctity in the opinion of the faithful Bretons, by the death of Louis XVI. The notion of opposing a lawful authority seems never to have entered into the heads of the people of Brittany and La Vendée; nor can it be said that interested persons excited them to revolt; for the peasants seem uniformly to have been the first to rise, and then voluntarily to put the nobles at their head. These wars were simply the result of the cry of religion within the hearts of a brave and devoted people. This is the great charm of the book now before us; it is the history of men acting, not on calculation, but on the impulse of good and noble motives.

As, however, M. Rio's narrative is but an episode in the wars which so long agitated the western provinces of France, we cannot enter upon the subject without saying a few words on the wars of La Vendée, where commenced the long struggle of which this insurrection of the students is the termination. The picture which we shall endeavor to draw of the religion which animates the peasantry of those countries would be incomplete without an account of what was called "the Catholic army of La Vendée." In the later rising in Brittany, our author frankly avows the indifference of the generality of the leaders of the expedition to the religious wants of the soldiers; so that the devotional spirit which we have noticed seems to have been almost confined to our friends, the students, and to the peasantry. In the former war, which broke out in 1793, nothing occurs to shock one; the republican historians themselves, though they deplore the mistaken superstition of the Vendéens, bear witness to the purity of their motives and to the devotional spirit in which the war was carried on. One of the oldest of their leaders, of the name of Gamber, reappears in M. Rio's pages, and seems to have been a special favorite with the students, as he certainly was with the author, if we may judge by the enthusiastic way in which he mentions him. Gamber, though the army was only called "l'armée royale," never forgot that he had belonged to "l'armée Catholique." After the long exercises of the day, his troops might be seen in the evening, ranged along a hedge where they were sheltered from the wind, listening to the voice of the old veteran, who was praying with them. When they were obliged to move on Sunday, Gamber's company might be seen as they marched, telling their beads, which they always wore about them; and the flag which was borne before them was sure to bear a device which carried one back to the time of the crusades. They were but keeping up the traditions which had been taught them in the Vendéen war, which, as we have said before, was not a political contest.

The real name of the country now called La Vendée, is Le Bocage. It is situated to the south of Brittany, on the opposite side of the Loire; as its name implies, it is covered with foliage; not that it can in any sense be called a forest, but each field or small farm is a little patch of ground sur-

rounded by rows of trees, which shut it in; so that seen from an eminence, the whole country looks a large wood, with here and there a church spire, or the pointed turrets of a chateau piercing through the screen. Few roads traverse this natural labyrinth, and these in the winter time often become the beds of torrents, and are therefore impassable. The gentry lived in isolated chateaux, and were quite a different order of men from the rest of the French noblesse. They lived amongst the peasantry in the greatest concord; their houses were not surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, but by the diminutive farms of their tenants, all of whom they knew personally, and whose joys and sorrows they shared. The consequence was that when the National Assembly abolished manorial rights throughout France, the decree was a dead letter in La Vendée, where the peasants continued to pay them as usual. If the Revolution had but let them alone, they might have remained in ignorance of the dreadful scenes which were passing about them; but in its benevolence it was anxious to force its novel blessings of liberty and equality even on those who were bigoted enough to be satisfied as they were. A report, drawn up by a set of commissioners, sent down from the legislative assembly of Paris, speaks with an amusing simplicity on the cause of the troubles in this singular country. "Religion, or at least religion such as they conceive it, has become to this people the strongest, or so to speak, the only moral habit of their lives." "In this country, the difficulty of travelling, the simplicity of a life purely agricultural, the lessons of childhood, and the religious symbols, placed as objects, on which men may ever fix their eyes, have laid open their minds to a crowd of superstitious ideas, which, in the present state of things, no species of illumination can destroy or moderate."*

The tide of revolution, which had so easily inundated France, here first found a check; it rolled back broken from La Vendée. Here was a strange phenomenon for the Dantons and Marats of Paris, something quite beyond their philosophy—a whole people so much in love with their religion as to have a strange predilection for paying tithes. The first occasion on which the troubles broke out in La Vendée, was the attempt of the Assemblée Constituante to force the oath to the constitution on the clergy. It will be remembered that by a decree of the French constitution, the possessions of the clergy were confiscated, and themselves reduced to the condition of the paid creatures of the state; all the old diocesses were broken up or suppressed, and the ecclesiastical division of France made one and the same with the civil, so that the bishop was henceforth to be the mere prefect of the department for religious affairs; above all, connection with Rome was strictly forbidden. Those who refused to bind themselves by an oath to this state of things, were deprived of their sees and cures, and constitutional bishops and priests appointed in their stead; at the same time, saving, of course, that they were expelled from their benefices, the free exercise of their religion was granted to those who would not join this schism, or, in revolutionary language, to "l'église des pretres insermentés." The Assembly did its best to cajole the clergy of France (for so large was the majority of priests who refused the oath that they may be so called) into this new state of things. It appears that by a decree of May 7, 1791, they even charitably allowed them the use of the parochial, that is, of their own churches for the celebration of mass, though they forbade them to perform there any other ceremony; secondly, the same decree permitted them freely to worship elsewhere, if they pleased. How it was met in La Vendée will be seen by a letter of instructions sent to his clergy by the bishop of Luçon, in whose diocess that country is situated; he commands his clergy not to officiate in their own churches, until they were put into their hands, as the sole rightful possessors of them, lest their flocks should by degrees come to consider it indifferent whether they were fed by the hands of intruders or of their own lawful pastors. He next bids them avail themselves of the permission of freely officiating where they pleased. "In

* Thiers, Revolution Francaise, tom. ii. Appendix.

those parishes," he continues, "where there are few landed proprietors in easy circumstances, it will, doubtless, be difficult to find a suitable place of worship, to procure the sacred vessels and vestments; in this case a mere barn, a portable altar, a chasuble of chintz or other common stuff, and vessels of pewter, will be sufficient, in case of necessity, for the celebration of the holy mysteries." This extract will give us an idea of the state of the Church in La Vendée at a time when the revolution was inclined to be most tolerant. It seemed, however, as if the poverty of the Church only endeared her the more to her faithful peasantry; the Report to which we have referred complains that nothing was more common than to see in parishes of five or six hundred inhabitants only ten or twelve persons attend mass at the parish church, where it was celebrated by an intruding priest; the rest flocked to their lawful priest, though he officiated at a great distance, in some barn or room, poorly fitted up for the occasion.

The Legislative Assembly, irritated by an opposition which it could not comprehend, proceeded to issue a decree of persecution against all the priests who would not take the oath to the constitution. For some time the king courageously interposed his veto; but after the miserable 10th of August an open persecution commenced, and the refractory priests, as the revolution styled them, were compelled to seek places of concealment. They celebrated the holy mysteries in woods and forests; and the peasants flocked to them in crowds, armed and prepared to defend them to the last drop of their blood. Partial insurrections broke out; and in one place a peasant defended himself most vigorously against the gens-d'armes with a fork; they cried out to him—"Give yourself up;" but his only answer was—"Give me back my God;" at length he fell, after receiving twenty-two sabre cuts in his body. The immediate cause, therefore, of the wars in the west of France, was the attempt to force an unlawful oath upon the priests; it is curiously illustrative of the unbending temper of the people, that an attempt of a similar kind caused the outbreak in Brittany, in which the students of Vannes took part, and which so many years after closed the contest of which the Vendéen war was the commencement. The revolutionary report which we have noticed above acquits the priests of all attempts to raise an insurrection; the peasants themselves took up arms simply to protect the ministers of their religion, without any concerted plan. The nobles of the country who had not emigrated, at their request put themselves at their head, and thus almost undesignedly was formed the Catholic army, which was so long the terror of the republicans at Paris.

The whole of the proceedings of these brave men was marked with the simplicity which characterized the outset of the war. Noble and peasant fought side by side, without distinction of ranks, and the first general-in-chief of the army was the famous Cathelineau, a poor peasant, who for his piety was called the Saint of Anjou. The heroic courage with which they fought had not destroyed that simple good nature, which seems to have been their characteristic national feature. Improved, as it was, by Christianity, this quality appears during the war under the form of a wonderful gentleness, which never forsook them in the fiercest contest. Even in that most trying situation for a soldier, the capture of a town by assault, the houses were not plundered, nor the inhabitants ill treated; on one occasion, the taking of Thouars, we find them rushing at once to the churches to ring the bells and to pray. The name of Catholic, which they assumed, was no empty title; on one occasion two soldiers quarrelled, and drew their swords on each other; one of the officers perceiving it, rushed up and exclaimed, "Jesus Christ forgave his murderers—and a soldier of the Catholic army would kill his comrade!" the two men dropped their swords, and rushed into each other's arms. The religious character of the army was not, however, confined to the peasantry; their most famous commander, the Marquis de Lescure, was a man of austere piety, and was called the Saint of Poitou. His courage, when most daring, was never impetuous, and he moved amidst the

thickest of the battle as a man who looks death in the face, and is prepared to meet it. His humanity had something angelic about it; once, and once only, his evenness of temper forsook him when the peasants killed a prisoner whom he had ordered them to spare. The man had discharged a firelock at him close to his body; he coolly beat it aside, and merely said, "Take away that prisoner." His soldiers however, indignant at the man's treachery, killed him behind their general's back. One of the many heroic deeds in the history of the war is too characteristic of both general and soldiers to be omitted. Before the attack on Fontenay, May 24, 1793, the men, at the desire of their chiefs, confessed and received absolution before the action, which was likely to prove dangerous, as they had hardly any ammunition, and were literally obliged to charge the artillerymen and knock them down at the mouth of their guns. They were exceedingly anxious to retake one of their cannons for which the peasants had a peculiar fondness; they had called it Marie Jeanne, and used to throw their arms about it and encircle it with ribands and wreaths of flowers. At the commencement of the action the soldiers wavered, and M. de Lescure advanced singly before them, crying, "Vive le Roi!" to animate them. At that moment a battery of six pieces was pointed to the spot on which he was standing; his clothes were pierced in many places, but by a miracle he was unwounded. "You see," he said, coolly turning to his men, "they don't know how to fire." The peasants were rushing forward with impetuosity, when a large cross, erected in former times by a missionary, caught their eyes; they immediately threw themselves on their knees under the very fire of the cannon. One of their officers would have hurried them on; M. de Lescure said quietly to him, "Let them pray to God." They started up from their knees and rushed forward again; we need not ask if Marie Jeanne was retaken. This great man was afterwards killed in the cause which he had so nobly defended; he lingered long after receiving his mortal wound; and some of his last words are recorded by his wife, afterwards Madame de Larochejacquelein. He said to her: "I have fought for God, and I die for him; I hope in his mercy. I have often looked death in the face, and I do not fear it; I go to heaven in full trust. All I regret is leaving you; I had hoped to be your happiness; if I have ever given you reason to complain of me, forgive me." Soon after his death the royalist army was defeated and dispersed at Savenay; La Vendée was not, however, yet pacified; both there and in Brittany a desultory war was kept up, which lost to a great extent its religious character, and became a cruel and exterminating warfare. Still, in spite of this unhappy termination of the campaign, these brave men had not shed their blood in vain; in 1799 a treaty was framed, by which the churches were restored to the Catholics in Brittany and La Vendée; and the priests were freed from the obnoxious oath which was the original cause of the insurrection. They obtained, as M. Rio tells us, what had been their ultimate object each time that they took up arms—the restoration of the altars and the ministers of Christ.

After this treaty, it appears that these unhappy countries returned for a time to their former peaceful state; the concordat of 1802 tended still more to tranquillize them. It was the interest of Napoleon to appear friendly to the Church, and seminaries were established with the concurrence of the government to supply with new recruits the ranks of the priesthood, which had been so miserably thinned during the revolution. The college of Vannes, which figures so prominently in the annals of "La Petite Chouannerie," was one of these places of education. It appears that Brittany was very little affected by Napoleon's accession to the empire, and all might have remained tranquil, had the emperor but left the Church independent. It however soon became evident that he intended to make her his instrument in enslaving France, and to draw her ministers into the vortex of imperial centralization. We shall at present merely notice those portions of his ecclesiastical policy which roused the indignation of the Bretons, and reserve the general considera-

tion of his measures to the conclusion of our article.

In 1809, it became known in Brittany that Napoleon had confiscated the patrimony of St. Peter, and had been excommunicated by the Pope; from that moment the Bretons showed a disposition to resist him. They refused to serve in the armies of a man, whom the Church had put under her ban; "Who," they said, "could guarantee a Christian conscript that he should not be ordered to bear part in an expedition shameful as that of the ditch of Vincennes, or the Quirinal hill," from which the holy Father had been brutally dragged by the imperial soldiers? The villages were deserted, and men quitted their homes and fled for refuge to the darkest recesses of the wild forests of the country, rather than serve in the imperial armies. There does not seem, however, to have been any general outbreak, till Bonaparte had been once expelled and returned from Elba, for the famous hundred days. One of his last acts in the midst of his disasters had been to endeavor to force the chapters of Troyes, Tournay, and Gand, to receive bishops of his nomination, though the sees were not vacant; their legitimate pastors he had imprisoned and driven into exile, and he now inflicted the same vengeance on those who remained faithful to them. The very youths of the seminary of Gand he forced into his armies or shut up in prisons, where forty-eight of them perished by disease. His first acts on his return corresponded with his exit; by a decree issued April 8th, 1815, he ordered all the public functionaries, not excepting the clergy, to transfer to him the oaths which they had first sworn to Louis XVIII; on their refusal he commenced a persecution. This filled up the cup of his infidelity in the eyes of the Bretons; on his attempt to force the conscription upon them, they refused to fight for the enemy of the Church. The cause then which drove the province into resistance was one which reminds us of the times of Innocent III; in M. Rio's words, the question was, whether the emperor was to be above the priesthood, and the authority of the préfet above that of the Church.

It was in this insurrection that the students of Vannes took part, and it is around them that the poetry of the expedition concentres. There is a depth of devout feeling in these poor youths who quitted their home to fight for their religion and their king, which is irresistibly charming. With all their heroism they are still mere boys; they wept bitterly on leaving their mothers and sisters, and one of them cries like a child when wounded in battle, though he had distinguished himself by his determined bravery. At the same time they display in their relations to their masters at college all the petulance of their age; this M. Rio does not attempt to disguise, and he has done well, for it gives a reality to exploits which would otherwise appear disproportioned and untrue. Scraps of school-boy Latin, and quotations from Tacitus and Livy mixed up with the Maccabees, and the magnificent Latin of the Breviary, occur every now and then to complete the motley impression produced by the whole. The narrative would sometimes appear comic, if the religious courage of the young heroes did not give it a coloring of romance, which carries the reader back to the crusades. The college seems to have been a place where all the traditions of the wars of La Vendée and Brittany concentred; it numbered amongst its inmates, old candidates for the priesthood, who had formerly quitted the all but monastic stillness of the seminary to serve in these wars, and now, after ten years spent in toil and bloodshed, humbly took their places on the benches of the college beside boys of half their age, in order to resume the studies which had been so strangely interrupted. The purity of their lives, and the zeal with which they afterwards discharged their holy functions, left their young companions no doubt of the sincerity with which they had embarked in this just quarrel. All therefore combined to kindle the enthusiasm of these young heroes in favor of what they considered to be a sacred war. The state in which they found the villages on going home in 1815 for their vacation, was well calculated to add fuel to the flame.

Just before Easter an order came to pull

down their beloved white banner from the church steeples, where it had always floated beneath the cross, and to substitute the hateful tricolor. This was a prelude to the conscription, so that that year the hallelujah of Easter was sung almost in the tone of a funeral chant. The students fully participated in these feelings which animated the province in its resistance, but the immediate causes which led to their final outbreak have a mixture of boyhood, as well as of religion about them, which is eminently characteristic. Before the revolution the head boy in each class wore as the badge of his dignity a small dove, the symbol of the Blessed Spirit, to remind him perpetually of the example of purity which he was bound to hold out to his school-fellows. The imperial university had profanely substituted an eagle for the dove; this again had at the first restoration given place to a silver cross, enchased with fleur-de-lys. On Bonaparte's return from Elba, an order came to reinstate the eagle in its honors; this was too much for the boys; their devotion for the Holy Ghost was ever kept alive by the chanting of the hymn "Veni Sancte Spiritus," at the opening of their daily studies. Some of them had heretofore preferred this sacred badge even to the cross and the fleur-de-lys; and now that the hateful eagle was to be substituted for the old lily of France, their indignation knew no bounds, and they flatly refused to stain their bosoms, as they termed it, with this new decoration, which they looked upon as an emblem of apostacy. Another grievance of a similar nature had annually recurred to fan the flame of their discontent; Napoleon had taken a fancy to compare himself to Charlemagne, and amongst other acts of ecclesiastical supremacy he had ordered the church of Aix-la-Chapelle to keep the feast of Charlemagne. He also sent an order to the colleges connected with the university to observe the day of this novel saint as a holiday. The boys of Vannes, who strongly suspected the quarter from which this order emanated, could not discover the name of Saint Charlemagne in the litanies of the saints, and at once put him down for some usurper, whom the emperor had canonized of his own authority. What aggravated the insult was that not only was this new festival introduced, but the feasts of Saint Nicholas and Saint Catherine, which had been kept ever since there was a university in France, were at the same time abolished. Saint Nicholas, from the well-known legend of his raising two school-boys to life, had been from time immemorial the protector of children; Saint Catherine was the special patron of all students in philosophy; she is said to have been a virgin of Alexandria, who so ably confuted the most celebrated heathen philosophers in a dispute held before the emperor Maximin, that they all joyfully confessed Christ and were immediately hurried to the stake. Whoever she was (for her acts are uncertain) she sunk deep into the devotion of Christians; on many painted windows she appears with her joyful palm and her well-known wheel, and angels are said to have conveyed her body to Mount Sinai with songs of triumph. In commemoration of her victory over the wisdom of this world, she has always been invoked by students in heathen philosophy; so that notwithstanding the imperial prohibition, St. Catherine's day was still kept by the upper class at Vannes, and St. Charlemagne's proportionably neglected.

A more serious grievance was soon added to these somewhat school-boy affronts; three of the boys one day returned from a ramble in the fields, with chaplets of white flowers in their hats; it appears that from time immemorial those most faithful guardians of tradition, the boys of Brittany, had thus decked themselves out in the early spring. Some of the revolutionary mob of Vannes however took offence at the hawthorn flowers, white having been ever the color of the French flag before the revolution; they fiercely attacked the three boys, one of whom defended himself manfully, and was at length carried off by a party of gens-d'armes as a disturber of the public peace. Without a vestige of a trial he was brutally kicked and beaten by the soldiers, till the blood gushed from his mouth; soon after he was expelled from the college, and sent to his native village. Here at least he hoped to be at peace; his heart leaped for joy on seeing

the belfry of the village church, and he hastened to greet his friends. An edict of the préfet had however preceded him, and all turned their backs upon him. The priest of the place who had taken the constitutional oath in the revolution, preached at him from the pulpit, and a few days after a party of gens-d'armes made their appearance at his father's door to carry him off as a conscript; he only escaped by rushing into the neighboring forest. This was too much for his school-fellows, and when shortly afterwards news was brought to them that the chief amongst them were to be forced into the ranks of the imperial army by a decree of the préfet of the department, they at once resolved on joining the Bretons, who were everywhere on the point of rising against Napoleon's government. One thing, however, was necessary before they rushed on this perilous expedition, and that was the permission of the Church, for whose cause they took up arms. This portion of the narrative we give in M. Rio's own words.

"If our enemies had been in the habit of going to church they would have seen enough to make them suspect that it could be no common matter which was thus stirring up these youthful consciences. The confessionals were thronged as at the approach of a first communion; but the features of the boys did not wear that angelic serenity, that look of transfiguration which on that day sheds a kind of beauty over the plainest visages. On this occasion, the penitents had a dogged and anxious air, which betrayed distracting thoughts foreign to the object which brought them there. The most scrupulous among them thought themselves obliged to impart to their confessors the plot which was hatching, and the active part which they meant to take in its development. The clergy, to our great surprise, I had almost said our great scandal, were nearly unanimous in condemning it. Without adopting the words of the imperial catechism, which threatened eternal damnation to all who refused obedience to his majesty the emperor, and without interpreting the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans in the sense of a purely passive submission, they bade us render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, as long as Cæsar did not prevent our rendering to God the things which are God's. They then feelingly reminded us that we had not recognized the authority of our parents in the matter, that all the consequences of our insurrection must be disastrous for ourselves, who might be cut off to a man; for our families, who should be persecuted; and, above all, for the diocess, which should be left without resources from which it could draw recruits to succeed that generation of martyr-priests which was fast failing. In reality, this last was the consideration which had most weight with our spiritual fathers. They feared above all lest the vineyard of the Saviour, which had long lain fallow, and then had been cultivated by a small number of weakly workmen, should now also lose the fruit of their labor; to avert this evil for which no victory bought by our blood could in their eyes compensate, they made use of all the arguments which their reason or their feelings could suggest. Several heart-rending scenes occurred between the chaplain of the little convent and his penitents. He was the confessor of more than half the scholars of the college, and for each, but above all for the poor, he was a counsellor, a protector, and a father. It was he who had excited our heads and set our hearts on fire by enthusiastic tales about Spain and the Spaniards. Against a power at open war with religion he would have preached, nay marched with a crucifix in his hand; but so long as the Ark of God was respected, his wish was to remain at peace even with the Philistines. Not that he placed an insurrection against any power whatever under the category of mortal sins; on the contrary, he left us free to go or to stay, and when he had spent all his paternal remonstrances, the only means which he employed to withhold us, were the tears which accompanied his parting benediction."

The good priest, from the determined tone in which the secret had been confided to him, probably dreaded lest the matter had gone too far to allow even his authoritative interposition to be availing. The consciences of the youthful casuists were however set at rest, and they now seriously set forward

on their dangerous course. We must confess, that, like the old priest, we cannot find it in our hearts to blame these brave boys, many of whom perished in their career of self-devotion. At all events we cannot but think that the sufferings they endured and the dangers which they braved from the most unselfish motives, must be taken into the account before we altogether condemn them. The severest charge that can be brought against them is, that many of them as we have seen, were candidates for the priesthood; then, if at any time, they should have husbanded their blood, for it was precious, as the future seed of the Church. The generations before them had however set them the example of resistance, and men whom they had been accustomed to revere as holy priests had in their youth quitted the seminary to join the Bretons in arms against the republic. We must not, therefore, blame them too harshly for a fault which some of them expiated so severely on the field of battle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected.

HUMILITY.

Hast thou seen a lovely and fragrant flower,
That shuns the glare of the noonday hour;
That blooms not in genial days of spring,
Nor unfolds its leaf with the gaudy thing?
Its value is great and its growth is rare,
And happy is he who its worth may share.
It loves to bloom in the silent hour,
When the cup is closed of the richer flower;
It will live when the tempest howls around,
And in winter snow it is often found;
And its sweets are cast in the midnight air,
When no other fragrance is wafted there.
It will rarely grow on the cultured soil,
Which is kept with care and ostensive toil;
But will often spring on neglected land,
And will flourish fair on a desert sand.
By the pompous palace thou'lt find it not,
It will rather bloom near the peasant's cot;
Nor mounts it high,—'tis a lowly thing
That scarce from the surface of earth will spring.
Would'st thou learn its hue? 'Tis a lovely green,
But in nature's verdure 'tis scarcely seen;
Thou must gently tread, and must bend thee low,
To gather this flower where it loves to grow;
Thou longest perchance its name to see,—
This flower is called Humility.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH.

NO. I.

The Priesthood in the Church, set forth in two discourses, &c. By William Rollinson Whittingham, bishop of Maryland. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

The Protestant Episcopal Pastor teaching the people committed to his charge to keep and observe the doctrines, and sacraments, and discipline of Christ, &c. By Rev. Henry V. D. Johns. Baltimore: N. Hickman.

A letter to the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, occasioned by the publication of his sermon, entitled "The Protestant Episcopal Pastor." By a Layman. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

Emmanuel in the Eucharist; a sermon by William Rollinson Whittingham, bishop of Maryland. Baltimore: Knight & Colburn.

WERE we to consider only the substance of the pamphlets which we have here mentioned, they would scarcely furnish a sufficient pretext for the critical examination of their contents. The reader who peruses them will perceive that they contain nothing more than a statement, by individuals who profess the same creed, of conflicting opinions in reference to certain doctrines of the Christian religion, particularly the eucharistic institution; and if he is acquainted with the fact that every true Protestant is his own supreme judge in matters of faith, he will not wonder at the discovery, in the above cited publications, of the dissonant views which their authors have expressed. These erroneous opinions, moreover, have been repeatedly refuted by Catholic controvertists, and were there no peculiar circumstances connected with the recent avowal of them, we should forbear the present investigation of the subject, permitting the evil to work its own cure, or to find a remedy in the many excellent vindications of Catholic truth which are in circulation. But the discussion that has given birth to the publications mentioned at the head of this article, exhibits an extraordinary aspect in our latitude, and owes its origin to a still more extraordinary occurrence. One of the discourses of Bishop Whittingham on the "Priesthood in the Church," was delivered by him at the installation of the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, as rector of Christ church in the city of Baltimore. The tone of the sermon was far from being acceptable to Mr. Johns, and in the evening of the very day on which he was invested with the parochial charge, he preached in substance the discourse entitled, "The Protestant Episcopal Pastor," containing views in reference to the Church, and more especially in relation to the eucharist, very different from those which his bishop had expressed. Such a collision between the two gentlemen is not very remarkable when we consider the natural and inevitable tendency of Protestantism, whose grand characteristic feature and peculiar distinction has ever been the power of producing division and separation, the necessary consequence of the fatal liberty which it grants to every individual of asserting the supremacy of his own judgment in matters of faith. Unity of belief cannot possibly exist where there is a setting up, as *A Layman* expresses it, of "a private judgment, under the guidance of individual reason, as an antagonist to the teaching of the Church."* The discordant opinions, therefore, of the bishop and the minister are not a subject of wonderment so much as the novelty of the circumstances under which they were manifested. The occasion, also, derives a considerable degree of interest from the important inquiries which it suggests, and from the alarm which has been sounded at the innovations which a transatlantic movement is attempting to introduce into the creed and language of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

* Letter to Rev. Mr. Johns, p. 13.

It is universally known that since the period of the Reformation, the words *altar, sacrifice, priest,* have had a very limited application, except among the members of the Roman Catholic Church. This Church having existed without change and without interruption since the apostolic age, it is but natural that her language should be that of primitive Christianity. Her faith, her government, her institutions are not of yesterday. We behold them now such as they have descended to us from the golden days of religion. Having never ceased to present on her altars that "clean oblation," which, as the prophet Malachy foretold, was to be offered under the new dispensation "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof;" the expressions to which we have alluded, have always been in general use among her children, and are well understood in their proper and literal signification. When we advert to the *sacrifice* which the priests of the new law offer to the honor of the Almighty, this language is perfectly intelligible, because we are understood to speak of that holy and sublime offering, in which, according to the faith of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is the high-priest and victim. When we call the table at which the minister of God performs this solemn act of worship, an *altar,* we do not depart from the strictest propriety of diction; because we believe that on that table a true and real sacrifice, in the proper sense of the word, is offered to the Divine Majesty. When we designate the clergyman who exercises this high power as an instrument in the hands of God, by the name of *priest,* we are not more obnoxious to criticism; because we apply the term precisely in the signification that has always been assigned to it. But the case is very different with the Protestant sects. When the doctrine of Christ's real and corporal presence in the holy eucharist was repudiated in England, under the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, the sacrifice which was an essential appendage of this belief was also abolished; the altars on which the immaculate Lamb had been offered, were set aside to make room for tables, and the title of priest was likewise relinquished, the ministers of the Church by law established being designated by the name of parsons. Such was the terminology introduced by the Reformation: the *real sacrifice,* the *real altar,* the *real priest* having been discarded, the *Lord's supper,* the *Lord's table,* and the *minister* were substituted, as appropriate expressions to convey the new ideas or opinions that had taken the place of the ancient faith. It will be readily perceived that this was only following the dictate of common sense; for, to adhere to the old phraseology for the expression of sentiments infinitely removed from those which it had formerly conveyed, might have given rise to an intolerable confusion, and would, moreover, have been altogether unnatural. When, therefore, the belief of the real presence was abolished, its phraseology was likewise abolished among Protestants, and it requires no very extensive acquaintance with history to acknowledge that at one time the epithet of *priest,* far from being considered as an honorable title, was almost universally used in England among the reformed sects, in a scoffing and reproachful sense.*

With the aid of these prefatory observations, the reader will not find it difficult to understand the merits of the discussion between Bishop Whittingham and Rev. Mr. Johns. The object of the bishop's two discourses on "the Priesthood in the Church," is to show that the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church have *a priestly character,* and his effort to establish the proposition is evidently a very laborious one. The reasoning is very obscure and bears upon the face of it an attempt to prove something apparently much at variance with the admitted notions even of his own churchmen. As far as we have been able to judge, his argument may be reduced to the following heads. 1. The Jews had their priesthood, the office of which was to prefigure by typical sacrifices the propitiatory offering of Calvary. "To that," he says,† "the Christian sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, in its memorial symbols, looks back; to that the priesthood of the law, in its ministrations of types and shadows looked forward

* See Bishop White's 5th lecture, towards the end.
† *Priesthood in the Church,* p. 7.

as yet to be revealed; and therein bore no character, held no function which a corresponding priesthood of the gospel, turning type into commemoration, shadow into symbol, might not hold." 2. "Ministerial intervention that sins may be forgiven is the essence of priesthood;" now "Christ's ministers have been sent to preach that men may believe,—sent, when they do believe, to remit their sins in baptism, and in the communion of the flesh and blood, which 'he who eateth' and 'drinketh' 'hath eternal life.'" Therefore they have the character of priests, forming as they do "a priesthood in which sacraments take the place of sacrifice, and the open preaching of Christ crucified, that of the dim foreshadowing of the fact in legal types and symbols."* 3. The ministers of the gospel are, to some extent, representatives of Christ, who says, "as my Father hath sent me, so I send you." But Christ's mission from the Father was to be our prophet, priest and king; therefore, as he is represented in his Church as prophet and king, he must be represented also as priest. Therefore the "priesthood of the Christian ministry is an essential part of its subordinate representative character."† From this brief exposition of the reasoning which the bishop has so ingeniously constructed, it is plain that he has treated the question pretty much as a thesis in philosophy. The form of the whole argument is this: "the people do not call me a priest; but I think they ought to give me this title." We shall now examine with what plausibility he claims the distinction.

Laying aside for a moment the examination of the theological errors which he has committed, we shall consider the question merely in a philological point of view, and we contend that it can be settled only by the practice of the Christian Church. Whether the Protestant clergy can be termed a *priesthood*, in the proper sense of the word depends upon the meaning which custom has assigned to the substantives, *priest*, *sacrifice*, &c. Words are mere sounds, the signification of which is not determined by individual fancy or speculation, but by the general usage of mankind.

> "Si volet usus
> Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

Anteriorly to the establishment of Christianity, the Latin word *humilitas*, which now signifies humility, expressed a passive condition, a degraded state of the individual to whom it was applied. But when the example of our Saviour had ennobled and sanctified the spirit of self-denial, and made voluntary abjection a virtue, the word *humilitas* acquired a new signification, utterly unknown before that period, and perfectly unintelligible to the sensual views of paganism. It then was adopted to imply an active quality of the soul, a spirit of willing self-abasement that conforms our sentiments to those of Christ. The same may be said of the Greek word εκκλησια. Before the introduction of the Christian religion, it was used to signify an assembly of any description; subsequently its meaning became more restricted, and it was employed only to denote the Church or a temple for divine worship. Many other illustrations might be adduced to show, what reason itself proclaims, that words in common use must be understood according to their general acceptation. But what has always been understood by the word *priest?* The reader will take notice that the English language was not a product of the Reformation, and that the word to which we have alluded was introduced into its vocabulary, many hundred years before the lust of Henry VIII conceived any change of religion. This word was in universal use long before that eventful period; at a time when all who spoke or wrote the English language throughout the world, were members of the Roman Catholic Church. In those days the word *priest* signified a man who had been separated from the people by the ceremony of valid ordination, and had received the sacerdotal character as well as the powers which it implies, such as this character and these powers were then believed to have been transmitted from the apostles, and to be still extant in the Catholic priesthood. But it was then universally admitted that the individual who

* *Priesthood in the Church*, pp. 9, 12, 13.
† *Ibid.* pp. 25, 26, &c.

was invested with the sacerdotal character, received the power of offering sacrifice, and that the sacrifice which he was to offer in the eyes of the Church, was by excellence the eucharistic oblation, such as it has always been, and is still understood and offered by the vast majority of the Christian world, and is founded upon the acknowledged dogma that Christ is really, substantially, and corporally present on the altar after the ceremony of consecration.* Such was the notion implied by the word *priest*, and it has never ceased to retain this as its proper signification. As a proof of this assertion it will be quite sufficient to remark that no sooner was the Anglican schism effected by a rupture with the see of Rome and the substitution of new doctrines in the place of those which had been venerated for ages, than this title was withheld from the Protestant clergy in common parlance; because the word was not supposed to denote, in its proper sense, a minister of the reformed creeds. It is true, the expression has been retained in some passages of the *Book of Common Prayer*, but only in a wide and secondary sense;† not in its proper and common acceptation; and notwithstanding the efforts which some Episcopal clergymen are using to *reform* the *reformed* language, it is a palpable fact which requires no argument to substantiate it, that at this day, in these very times, the term *priest* is not employed to designate a Protestant clergyman. Consult the forms of expression which are authorized in those countries where the English language is the medium of communication between man and man; examine the usages of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the United States. What do they understand by the term in question? Nothing more or less than a clergyman of the Catholic Church. St. Augustin refuted the sectaries of his age by referring them to the simple fact, that if any person inquired the way to a Catholic Church, no one would dream of directing him to a temple erected by an anti-catholic sect. Such also would be the case at the present day, and in reference to the question before us. If an individual wished to consult a Catholic priest, and not knowing the place of his residence, were to ask the first person whom he chanced to meet, *where does the priest live*, we know what answer he would receive. Who would think of pointing the inquirer to the parsonage of an Episcopalian clergyman? The residence of the Catholic priest would most undoubtedly be indicated, for the simple reason that he belongs to an order of men whom the English language denominates *priests;* the Protestant minister not being known to the community under that name.

From the view we have taken of the subject, it may be logically inferred, that the Protestant Episcopal clergy have no right to the appellation of *priests*, in the proper sense of the term, or in other words, that there is *not a priesthood* in their Church. "On the subject of the priesthood," says *A Layman*, "it is obvious that but little should at present be said;"* and we much mistake the public mind, if this is not a very general opinion in reference to the priesthood which he would more particularly uphold. It is to be regretted that Bishop Whittingham had

* The Council of Trent (Sess. 22) thus explains the sacrifice of the new law: "Our Lord and God, although he was about to offer himself once, on the altar of the cross, to his Father, that on it he might operate our eternal redemption; yet, because by death his priesthood was not to cease, he, at his last supper, the same night in which he was betrayed (1 *Cor.* xi), that he might leave to his Church a visible sacrifice, such as the nature of man requires, by which the bloody sacrifice, once to be completed on the cross, might be represented; and its memory might continue to the end of time; and its salutary virtue be applied to the remission of those sins which we daily commit—declaring himself to be the appointed priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec; he offered to his Father his body and blood under the appearances of bread and wine; and, under those appearances, delivered the same to his apostles, whom, at the time, he appointed the priests of the new testament. To them and to their successors in the priesthood, he gave command to offer the same, saying: *Do this for a commemoration of me* (*Luke* xxii). So the Catholic Church has always understood and taught."

† The sense in which the word *priest* is used in the formularies of the Church of England, may be ascertained from the Latin Book of Common Prayer, which makes use of the Latin word answering to a Christian minister, not that answering to an offerer of sacrifice. This shows that the word, when applied to Protestant clergymen, was applied in a sense differing from that which had been usual before the Reformation. Hence it never passed into common use. See *Protestant Episcopal Pastor*, pp. 24, 27.

* Letter to the Rev. Mr. Johns, p. 14.

not the advantage of this prudent and wary counsellor, before he ventured upon his elaborate and reiterated disquisition, at the evident risk of awakening universal attention to the futility of his claim. We have showed that his pretensions are incompatible with propriety of language, and we shall moreover prove that, even independently of this consideration, they are utterly inconsistent with the radical error of his belief on the subject of the Christian sacrifice. But before we enter upon this discussion, we will place before our readers the testimony of some Protestant writers, by way of confirming the arguments in favor of our first proposition.

To begin with the sentiments of the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, whom Bishop Whittingham introduced to the people as "the representative of Christ,"* he uses the following language in alluding to the words *altar, sacrifice,* and *priest.* "To use these terms without such qualification (of a figurative sense) very distinctly expressed, leads to error and is at variance with the word of God and the institutions and principles of our Church." "The English word priest is used, in consequence of the meagreness of our language, as the translation of the two Greek words ιερευς and πρεσβυτερος, the former of which denotes an offerer of Jewish sacrifices, and the latter a Christian minister. I am no more a priest in the sense of the word objected to (ιερευς) than you are, my brethren, who are laymen, nor can I in the same sense offer sacrifice any more than you can. In the accommodated use of this language, you may offer sacrifices, as we gather from the words of the Apostles." "In like manner our Church uses the term 'altar,' when applied to the communion table, in the figurative or accommodated sense." . . . . "In the 'order for the administration' of the ordinance, the church calls it, not 'the sacrifice of the eucharist,' but 'the Lord's Supper, or holy communion.'"† In treating the same question, the late Bishop White remarks: "I conceive so unfavorably of whatever may lead even by remote consequences, to creature worship, as to give a caution against a notion which sometimes appears in writers, who were sincere, but *inconsistent* Protestants. The notion is that there is in the eucharist, a real sacrifice; that it is offered on an altar, and that the officiating minister is a priest, in the sense of an offerer of sacrifice. Under the economy of the gospel, *there is nothing coming under the names referred to, except the fulfilment of them in the person of the High Priest of our profession.* As to our Church, although she commemorates a great sacrifice in the eucharist, yet she knows of no offering of this description except in the figurative sense in which prayers and alms are sacrifices. She calls the place on which her oblation is made, not 'an altar,' but 'a table.'" . . . . "And as to the minister in the ordinance, although she retains the word 'priest,' yet she considers it as synonymous with 'presbyter,' which appears from the Latin standard of the Book of Common Prayer."* In the lecture from which these words are quoted, Bishop White sustains his views by the following passage from Hooker: "Seeing that sacrifice is now no part of the Church ministry; how should the name of priesthood be thereunto rightly applied?"† This he states in the form of an objection on the part of his opponent. Hooker's answer is—"Surely, even as St. Paul applieth the name of flesh unto that very substance of fishes, which hath a proportionable correspondence to flesh, although it be in nature another thing: whereupon, when philosophers will speak warily, they make a difference between flesh in one sort of living creatures, and that other substance in the rest, which hath but a kind of analogy to flesh: the apostle contrarywise, having matter of greater importance whereof to speak, nameth indifferently both flesh. The fathers of the Church, with like security of speech, call usually the ministry of the gospel a priesthood, in regard of that which the gospel hath proportionable to ancient sacrifices; namely, the communion of the blessed body and blood of Christ, although it hath properly now no sacrifice. As for the people, when they hear the name, it draweth no

* *Priesthood in the Church,* p. 28.
† *The Prot. Episc. Pastor,* pp. 14, 15, &c.

* *Ibid.* p. 15. † *Ibid.* p. 25.

more their minds to any cogitation of sacrifice, than the name of a senator or an alderman causeth them to think upon old age; or to imagine, that every one so termed, must needs be ancient, because years were respected in the first nomination of both. Wherefore, to pass by name, let them use what dialect they will; whether we call it a priesthood, a presbytership, or a ministry, it availeth not: although in truth, the word presbyter doth seem most fit, and in propriety of speech more agreeable than priest, with the drift of the whole gospel of Jesus Christ."

From the authorities just cited, and which are certainly entitled to the respect of Episcopalians, it is manifest that the title affected by Bishop Whittingham is not justified either by the language or the doctrine of his own religious formularies, and his triple argument to prove the "priesthood in his church," dwindles into fruitless sophistry. In the first place, he endeavors to establish this proposition by comparing the Christian ministry with the Jewish priesthood. But the Jews had a real sacrifice, and consequently it does not follow that, because they had a concomitant priesthood, there is one in the Protestant Episcopal church. 2. "Ministerial intervention for the forgiveness of sins is the essence of priesthood," if, as we have seen, it includes the offering of sacrifice; but there is no such offering among the Episcopal clergy; therefore they form no priesthood. 3. If Christ's ministers are sent by him, as he was sent by the Father, this is to be understood either literally or figuratively; if figuratively, then it is plain that, even in the hypothesis that the Protestant clergy have any mission at all, they are not a priesthood in the proper sense of the word; if literally, it follows that, there being no sacrifice among them, they are not priests, and have no mission from Christ. In a future article we shall establish this point by another process of reasoning, which will show that the Church of Christ, from its very origin, has always recognized in the Eucharistic institution a true and real sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, and that the true ministry of the Church is entitled to the honorable appellation of priesthood, because it possesses the reality which this title implies. This view of the subject will enable us to confute *in globo* the erroneous opinions on the subject of the Eucharistic sacrifice generally held by Protestants, and put forth in the four pamphlets which we have noticed. But before we bring these observations to a close, we feel bound to address a passing word to bishop Whittingham and the flock that acknowledges his jurisdiction.

This gentleman undertakes to stigmatize in opprobrious terms the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of the Eucharist, and ventures even to charge her with a practice which she disavows.* We shall not retaliate by the use of similar expedients: for we are proud to say that Catholicity has no need of such weapons to achieve her triumphs, and our object in these remarks is merely to rectify the errors which the bishop has committed. But we advise him to urge his claims hereafter in more measured language, and to remember that any unfair dealing in a man of his station in the world, cannot but detract from his respectability as a Christian and from his honor as a gentleman. His contemptuous allusions to the Catholic priesthood will necessarily appear in the public eye as falling with excessively bad grace from an individual, who is so easily convicted of having attempted to pilfer from that very priesthood its distinguishing and most glorious title. Such arguments as these moreover are less than nothing in the scale, when they are interwoven with a series of inconsistent and contradictory assertions. A few of these contradictions we shall briefly expose, while we challenge a satisfactory explanation of them. The bishop, speaking of the Catholic priesthood, says:† "Such a priesthood the reformers found, claiming privileges, which it refused to test by the written record of its commission, and exercising those pri-

* Priesthood in the Church, pp. 20, 21. In the liturgy of the Cath. Church, (Canon of the Mass,) are these words: "and of all here present, whose faith and devotion are known unto thee, for whom we offer, or *who offer up* to thee this sacrifice of praise," &c: how then can bishop Whittingham call the mass "a worship offered not *with*, but *for* the people?"

† *Ibid.* p. 21.

vileges, even on its own showing of their extent, in abuses the most fearful and soul-destroying. Is it wonderful that some who set themselves to gainsay its usurpations, failed, in the corruption which they saw, to find the simple, scriptural original? and under the exclusive worship, mumbled in an unknown tongue, of a mass—and pardon-mongering ministry, lost sight of the Christian priesthood and its spiritual sacrifices? *Some*, not all; for God be thanked, our branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, while it purged away the accumulated errors that had soiled its discipline and worship, retained alike the form of sound words in doctrine, and the golden casket of ritual observances, that it found transmitted, unbroken and unchanged from primitive days and apostolic men." Where was the Church, we ask, before these errors were purged away? Was it the body known as the Catholic Church? It must have been; since that was the only channel in existence through which "the form of sound words" could be transmitted; and if this is the case, how can it be said that this Church of Christ was characterized by a *half discarded paganism, an almost blasphemous* use of the Eucharistic institution? Are such imputations consistent with the promises of our Saviour to his Church, by which he pledged his word to remain with her "all days to the consummation of the world?"* From what source, we again ask, did the Anglican church receive the "golden casket of ritual observances" and the ministerial succession to which she lays claim? Could it have been from any other source than the Church which existed at the time of the Reformation, that is, the Catholic Church? And if such is the supposition, if she acknowledged the Catholic Church to be a faithful guardian of the ritual observances and ministerial succession, why did she not also adhere to that same Church as a creditable witness of religious truth? Bishop Whittingham informs us that the ministers of the gospel "bear the warrant of Christ to teach, premonish, exhort and rebuke with all authority, a people charged to obey them, as having rule over them;"* and in installing the Rev. Mr. Johns, he tells the people† "Receive him who is now set over you as your pastor, as the representative of Christ." We should infer from this language that he considers the Protestant pastor as having a real authority to instruct his flock in the Christian religion. But if this is his meaning, what signify the remarks that follow? "So far as his teaching is conformable to that rule, (the Bible), hear him, as you would hear his master; for by him his master speaks." The people then are the judges after all; yet *the pastor is the representative of Christ!!* These contradictions in the bishop's pamphlet, we contend, are totally irreconcileable and inexplicable: and with that spirit of charity which prompts an interest in the welfare of others, we call upon our dissenting brethren seriously to examine these and other difficulties, which are the necessary consequences of their religious system. The bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in Maryland uses this language: "'Is any sick among you,' say the scriptures of the New Testament, 'let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; *and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him!*' Is less power here attributed to the elder in the Church of Christ, than the part of the Mosaic priest in the sin-offering implied?"‡ He therefore supposes that the power alluded to in this passage of St. James' epistle, belongs to the elders of the Church; why then do they not exercise it? If Christ conferred this power for the benefit of his people, why do their ministers withhold the blessings which may flow from it? Again: the bishop declares that sins are remitted in the communion,§ while Mr. Johns contends that it has no efficacy to procure this remission.‖ Now if the pastor is to be obeyed as the representative of Christ, a serious difficulty will here present itself; which of the two pastors in this instance is orthodox in his faith? In

* Matth. xxviii.

* Priesthood in the Church, p. 26.
† *Ibid.* p. 28. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 9. § *Ibid.* p. 12.
‖ *Prot. Episc. Pastor*, p. 17.

reference to the Eucharistic institution what doctrine is to be held by the Protestant Episcopalian? Is it that of Mr. Johns who describes the sacrament as a mere memorial, or that of a *Layman*, who presents himself in defence of the bishop, and pronounces it more than a memorial, and even a mystery?* How will these questions be decided? By reference to the church? But we are assured by a *Layman*, that the church herself does not pretend to say what is to be believed."† Moreover *where* is the church, or *what* is it? What tribunal does the church recognize, whose authority may not suffer an appeal? The whole question therefore is wrapped in uncertainty for the Episcopalian. In vain is he referred to the teaching of his church; this church, as we have seen, refers him back to his own interpretation of the Bible: it professes indeed to have the right of defining the true faith, and by a most glaring inconsistency it allows the Christian to adopt only that portion of its teaching, which he believes to be conformable to the Scriptures. Will his doubts be settled by the Thirty-nine articles? But the sense of the Thirty-nine articles has never yet been determined; and to thisday it is a disputed point in what sense the clergy of the English establishment are required to subscribe assent to these articles at their ordination.* From the preceding observations the reader will judge that the meaning of the articles is not better ascertained in this country. Questions of this grave import, however, relating to the integrity and purity of the Christian faith, are certainly deserving of attentive consideration, and we leave our dissenting friends to decide, whether they can safely repose in the bosom of a church which claims so high an authority, while its practical operation is evidently nugatory, and realizes no one of those distinctive characters which the Son of God so visibly impressed upon the Church that he established.

W.

* *A Letter*, &c., p. 6.

† *A Letter*, &c., p. 12. "It seems to the writer that the Church teaches, that in a high, mysterious, and if you will, unintelligible sense, the body and blood of our blessed Lord are communicated to us when we faithfully receive the bread and wine. . . . What the sense of the church is, perhaps nobody can exactly say, &c." This is truly a most extraordinary avowal. Christ's body and blood are communicated to the worthy receiver, although the author declares that they are not present in the sacrament either by consubstantiation or transubstantiation. Then they must be absent. But how can they be received, if they are absent? How can they be present and absent at the same moment? If the Catholic doctrine is a mystery, it is at least no contradiction, as the poet has well observed:

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

* See *Westminster Review*, No. 130, American Edition.

PRINCIPLE.

A TALE.

"Alas! for those who love, yet may not blend in prayer."—Mrs. Hemans.

"AND I *may* hope, dear Ellen," said Arthur Seabrook to a fair girl who was hanging upon his arm, one balmy day in June, as they wandered amid the rich woods, and descended the lofty cliffs which overhang one of the fairest scenes in the west; "I may—I *must* believe those eloquent looks, even though your words deny their import." There was a short silence; for they were just mid-way up the cliff, from whose bosom gushes forth that miniature cataract in Illinois, known as the "falling water" by the Americans, but by the old inhabitants called by its French and more euphonious title of "L'eau qui tombe." The scene was picturesque and beautiful to an eminent degree. A pic-nic party from St. Louis had crossed over to the neighboring state a few hours before, and after driving along the upper road, through the ancient and French-looking village of Cahokia, and resting a few moments at the rural abode of the village priest, had partaken of his hospitality, preparatory

to a late breakfast. They had succeeded in persuading their venerable host to join them in a day of recreation, and after continuing their excursion a few miles further, had halted at the stream formed by the little cascade just mentioned. The horses had been taken from the different vehicles, watered and hitched in various places. The cloth had been spread upon a shaded grass plot and the viands carried from the city for the day's refreshment had been partaken of, amid laughter, song, and recitation; the greatest liveliness prevailed among the gentlemen of the party, and the exhilarating ride, the fresh air, and touching loveliness of the novel scene had produced a similar effect upon the ladies. All were in the finest spirits—the laugh of childhood mingled with the wild melody of birds—and the varied notes uttered by the human voice to tempt an echo in reply, died away in strange vibrations of disappointment to the ear. The party had broken into separate groups of two and three, as accident or fancy prompted. Some had strayed away among the woods and vines growing thickly around, and others had, as they said, gone to seek the presiding deity of the scene amid its darker recesses. One or two gentlemen, more adventurous than the rest, had ascended to the highest pinnacle of the cliff and stood triumphantly above the gushing stream. Arthur Seabrook at this moment joined Ellen Hudson at the base of the rock, where she was standing wrapt in contemplation of the scene, and apparently unconscious of his approach. She had, however, felt his presence, and the awkwardness of her own position; and turning towards him she said: "Let us seek the Naiad of the fountain at its source; perhaps we may be more fortunate than Mary in her search for a wood nymph, or Mr. F. in his hail for an echo;" and they were ascending the cliff for this ostensibly poetic purpose, when our tale commences. Though Ellen's true object had been *action*, she did not wish to trust her heart alone amid that quiet scene, beneath its romantic and softening influences, with her elegant and highly gifted admirer. Besides, she had given him not four hours before, when he had seemingly been in great and imminent danger from one of those accidents which but too frequently occur in steamboat navigation, an evidence of affection which she would gladly have avoided, had nature wrought less powerfully in her pure and deeply feeling bosom. His danger had been great but instantaneous—Ellen's quick eye alone had witnessed its extent, and when he joined her the next minute, it was to catch her sinking form in his arms, overcome as she was by an emotion of fainting. It was to this he alluded when he addressed to her the opening words of our narrative. They had paused to repose for a moment, and Ellen had turned to look upon the beauty of the scene below. She was a girl whom few would have termed beautiful, for the charm of symmetry was wanting in her features, and the Grecian artist might have turned away from her face in disappointment. But the higher charms of intellect, of thought, and of feeling, lent to her every look and gesture a fascination which none could fail to discern. It was this rare combination of heart and mind that had won for her the love of Arthur Seabrook. She was a distant relative of his mother, and had been invited to her house during Arthur's absence from the West the year before. She was an orphan, and about the same age as his sister Mary; and Mrs. Seabrook having been warmly attached to her parents, had offered her a home upon her leaving school, and as her mother had died since she was last in Baltimore, Ellen was glad not to return thither. Having been an only child and in independent circumstances, she was very grateful for the home of love and kindness thus afforded her, and soon became a delighted denizen in the house of her aunt. Arthur, Mary and "Little Sue," a bright-eyed child of five years old, were the only members of Mrs. Seabrook's family. Her kind protectress had not been long a widow, but her sorrows, though deeply felt by herself, were never obtruded upon others. She had invited Ellen Hudson to her house as much to insure her daughter's happiness, as to secure an asylum for the orphan, where her young years might glide on in the tran-

quil enjoyment of pleasures suitable to her age and station. Mrs. Seabrook, though a strict member of the Church of England, was no condemner of the innocent gaieties of life. She loved to see her children happy and did all in her power to promote their pleasures. Arthur was a noble creature, the pride of his mother and sisters, high-minded, enterprising, and accomplished. He had been recalled home from foreign travel, by the death of his father, and embarked as his successor in a large and lucrative mercantile establishment in St. Louis, to the business of which he had ever since devoted a mind of no ordinary capacity, and the energies of a character of no common order. Mary was a sweet, gentle fair-haired girl, whose clear complexion and full blue eyes were ever-betraying the overflowing sensibilities of her heart. Little Sue was the pet and play-thing of the whole family, blending many of the characteristics of each, yet still preserving enough of individuality to render her the darling of all. Ellen's brightened feelings harmonized well with the different members of this charming family, and she had learned to love as deeply as she was beloved by them. There were few topics upon which their sentiments or principles were at variance, and these, by a tacit good taste and good breeding were seldom discussed; and when introduced at all, the innate politeness of each, prevented remarks that could by possibility border upon rudeness. Such were the portion of the pic-nic party to which our story leads, and we return from our long digression to resume the conversation between Arthur and Ellen. Arthur stood leaning against a tree, the bark of which was cut with names and initials in endless variety and number. Ellen was on a rock but a few feet distant above him, and almost within the spray of the fountain. She stood as it were unsupported; her gentle eye was turned to her companion, and her whole figure and attitude were so statue-like that an observer from below might have mistaken *her* for the Naiad she had sought. She commenced in a clear, low tone, but neither her voice nor manner faltered as she spoke. "Arthur!" she said, "I had hoped this painful subject would never have been broached between us again. But you will have it otherwise—and after the weakness you beheld in me this morning, I can no longer deny that I love you—nay, move not, but hear me. Deeply do I regret that it is so—for, as to myself, I have power to conquer the feeling. My admiration for your talents, and respect for your virtues, I am proud to acknowledge; but the woman's weakness which has permitted me to love where I should not, is as humbling to my pride, as it is painful for me to confess. Let me pray that you will forget it, for I never can be yours!"

"And why not mine, Ellen? what is there you object to in one so devoted? My mother and my sisters will glory in my choice—and my whole heart—"

"Nay, Arthur," said she, interrupting him, "urge me no more. Dear Arthur, it is very painful to hear you; but, you know *I* am a Catholic."

"And is that all?" said he, with a joyous laugh, whose notes of happiness rung above the sound of the falling waters. "Oh Ellen, was it for such a trifle as *this*, that you would have discarded me?" and he bent forward as if to take her hand. But there was no answering look of pleasure on her calm and thoughtful face; and her manner repressed his ardor.

"I will wed with none who holds a different faith," she said, in the same deep, earnest, heartfelt tone. The answer was so firm that it startled him; and, he could only gaze upon her for a moment, in wonder and uncertainty; but she moved neither limb nor feature, and seemed almost a part of the rock she stood upon. It is principle that sustains her, was his first conviction; admiration followed in its wake, and then came the rapid hope to win her from her purpose. After a pause of several minutes, he slowly moved towards her; his look subdued, his manner tender and deferential—"Let me hope," said he, "dear Ellen, and it shall be as you wish. I will concede every thing to you—I will respect your principles, and never interfere with your practice"—

"It cannot be," she replied, "Arthur, I have heard you wonder how any one *could*

be a Roman Catholic; you have jested with me on my blindness; in short, I cannot hope to see you a practical and believing Catholic, and none other can I marry." She was still firm, though a tear had risen to her eye, and her lip quivered, memory was busy at her heart. Arthur mistook her emotion for yielding, and pressed his suit more closely. "Listen to me, Arthur," said Ellen, as she now seated herself upon one of the fragments of rock which lay around them. "I will tell you a tale of my childhood:—My father was one of the most urbane, elegant, and intellectual men I ever knew; his general deportment was all amiability and affection. My mother was the most gentle and devoted wife, yielding to her husband on all subjects, but one, and anticipating his every wish and pleasure. He had been educated an Episcopalian, she a Roman Catholic. At the period of their union, they were both young. My father soon rose to eminence in his profession; and my mother having much leisure, devoted the hours of his absence to the investigation of religious truth; for she saw that my father had begun to wish, she could unite herself to the communion of that church of which he was a member. Faithfully did she fulfil her duty as a wife, in trying to divest her mind of all the prejudices of education and the predilections of her youth. There was no work which she could obtain, that she did not patiently peruse, and carefully compare, until three years had passed away in her labor of love. The result was to confirm her in the tenets of the Church in which she had been educated, and to enable her to instruct me in the faith she so firmly cherished. Impressed with the vast importance of her subject, my dear mother's reading had rendered her deeply pious. The world became altogether of secondary interest to her, eternal life her chief object in this; and child as I was, I well remember the care she took to impress the solemn truths of religion upon my infant mind. My father who had also become more attached to his church as he advanced in life, beheld these efforts at first with sorrow, but for a long time forbore to remonstrate. My mother was so gentle he could not bear to wound her by differences of opinion. At first, a passing jest in my presence upon the subject, then a sarcasm, and then a positive command that I should not be taught the mummeries of popery, were the gradations which marked his increasing displeasure. My mother, who seldom opposed him, had let the joke pass unnoticed—the sarcasm she met with tears—but the command aroused her to a sense of the higher duty which she owed her Maker, and she expressed her determination to resist the command of her husband, and to instruct her child, the only one committed to her care, in the only true faith, as she professed the Catholic to be—I was at this time about ten years old. But though I distinctly recollect the scenes that took place—you must pardon me, Arthur, if I forbear to repeat them. Our house, from having been the literal abode of peace and happiness, had as literally become that of discord and anarchy; differences in religion led to differences on other subjects; harsh words, and bitter feelings sprung up between those who had vowed to love, to honor, and to cherish; forbearing the foibles of each other, and clinging together until death. Oh, Arthur, what would have been *my* fate, had not my father at this time, in a moment of irritation at my mother's perseverance, placed me at a Presbyterian boarding-school? Already religion had become to me the most fearful of words; its mention by either of my parents gave rise to such dreadful scenes—such angry words and unkind looks—I began to *doubt*, to *dislike*, and to *dread* having any part in that which made those who possessed it so disagreeable, and so different to what they had formerly been; and I was happy to get into a school where I could escape it altogether, by fixing my mind upon my lessons, or other subjects, during the long extemporaneous prayers daily offered by our well meaning teacher. Three years passed in this manner, and I was summoned to my father's funeral. An accident had snapped the cord that bound him to existence. My mother had closed his eyes; but there had been no words of forgiveness between them; for he was speechless when she reached him. The agony of my mother's mind was only increased by the large for-

tune left wholly at her disposal in my father's will, wherein it was found he had most tenderly and affectionately considered her, loving her to the last, with the truest affection, and leaving me to her sole care. My poor mother's grief was unbounded. She, too, had ever idolized my father. She had mourned over his religious errors, and endeavored to correct them, with a warmth and pertinacity seldom equalled; while he, firm in his own adherence to opinions once formed, opposed her with a harshness he never intended, until the circumstances of the controversy would call it forth. My mother, in her hour of bitter trial, turned to that religion for whose sake she felt she had grieved him; and found in the performance of its duties her only consolation. My presence, which would have afforded her so much enjoyment, after being debarred from it for three years, she resolved to relinquish as a penance for her faults, and never to see me until I should complete my seventeenth year. For this purpose, I was placed in the academy at Emmitsburg, and there I remained until your dear mother summoned me to her delightful home. My unhappy mother, whose health soon began to decline under her extreme distress of mind, and life of painful discipline, died about three years ago, perfectly reconciled to herself, and leaving me her blessing and her creed. At St. Joseph's, the beauty and harmony of the lives of the excellent sisters, awakened in me the memory of my early days, and my beloved mother's happy hours of tranquillity and instruction. I requested books on the subject of the Catholic faith as believed by her children and taught by the Church. I satisfied my mind fully of their foundation in truth—thanked my Creator for having recalled me to the fold, and made a solemn vow never to unite my destiny with that of one who should not believe as I believe, dear Arthur, upon that *most* important subject."

She stopped, and a long pause ensued. At length, Arthur said: "*A Vow*, Ellen! I did not think you were so much of a fanatic!"

"You have known me long, and I do not think have ever found me unreasonable," she replied. "Now do not *jest* about either my faith or practice, but let us part in kindness." She rose as she spoke, and quietly descending the cliff, left Arthur to meditate upon her words. In a short time the company reassembled; dinner was spread upon the green sward, and enjoyed with unwonted relish; and the party, wearied by their unwonted exercise, reclined languidly upon the grass until it was time to return to the city. The drive home was delightful. The declining sun had curtained the heavens above with a gorgeous drapery of purple and crimson clouds, which shed their mellow glow upon the tree tops in the distance, and brightened with soft radiance the low foliage of the prairie through which they passed. The feelings of the Seabrook party, who had managed to occupy the same vehicle in returning, seemed to take their tone from the objects that surrounded them; each became thoughtful, and even pensive, as the twilight hues darkened upon the scene. Presently, little Sue, who was leaning upon her mother's bosom, pointed out to her the first star of evening, hanging like a silver lamp in the vault above, and Mrs. Seabrook in a clear, sweet voice, repeated to her those beautiful lines, by Willis, "A Child's First Impression of a Star." "How impressive is the conclusion," said Mary, "God has made a star: it comprehends so much; were I a teacher now, I could make a whole sermon from those few words." "Pray postpone it, Mary," said her brother, "until I give Byron's Address to Hesperus, which though in a different strain, is quite as exquisite." When his well modulated voice had ceased to sound, his mother said gravely, "Byron has been truly compared to an 'Archangel ruined.' His great genius could not redeem his bad principles; but, it shines forth from the corruptions of his life, even as those beautiful lines from the pages of Don Juan, a beacon attracting observation to the worthlessness which surrounds it." There was a moment of silence; when Ellen, who had hitherto been an interested, but quiet listener, remarked, "I never see the evening star, without associating with it in my imagination, The Vesper Hymns, by which it was greeted in the olden time,

in Spain and Portugal, and sighing that those days of romance have departed."—"Yes," replied Arthur, "I remember, as quite apposite to your feelings, Bishop Heber's remark to Mrs. Hemans, in one of his numerous letters addressed to that lady. He says, speaking of superstition, 'Even now, the planet Venus is identified with the Virgin Mary, *as the star of the sea;* and receives an undue share of homage from the mariners of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily." "The remark is new to me," said Ellen; "but I will not question its truth; for there is so much of devotional and poetic feeling in the idea, as to render the superstition, if it exist, at least as excusable as it is harmless." "Upon my word, Ellen, you are such a faithful defender of Catholicism, even in its follies, that I should not wonder if you were to write a poem on the subject yourself," said Arthur, bitterly. She smiled calmly at his warmth, and said: "Lend me your sketch book and pencil, and I will try." Sue had dropped off into slumber, and the rest of the party remained quiet, while the earnest girl rapidly traced the following

EVENING HYMN.

"Ave Maris Stella."

Ave Maria! Star of *Hope!*
Whose rays illume our troubled way,
And through the gloom soft vistas ope,
Of the bright realms of endless day:
Receive our vows, and nightly shed
Thy guardian beams around each head!

Ave Maria! Star of *Peace!*
Whose lustre cheers the troubled soul,
Bidding those stormy passions cease,
Which through the worldly bosom roll:
Receive our vows, and nightly o'er
Each anxious breast thine influence pour!

Ave Maria! Star of *Love!*
Whose light to all on earth is given,
Whose influence, owned by Saints above,
Is honor'd in the courts of Heaven:
Receive our vows, and nightly throw
Thy halo o'er this world of wo!

Ave Maria! Star of *Faith!*
Whose light each weary wretch may find,
To quell the fears that throng his path,
And calm the troubles of his mind:
Receive our vows, and still impart
Hope, Peace, and Love, to every heart!

They had reached the Ferry landing, when Ellen returned the book and pencil to its owner. The little boat soon commenced her noisy passage across the river, and the tired party shortly dispersed to their accustomed haunts.

From this day Arthur Seabrook felt that there was indeed no hope of his winning Ellen Hudson from principles so firmly fixed. He desisted from useless efforts to change her sentiments, he devoted himself with renewed vigor to the business in which he was embarked. Months rolled on. The gentle Mary was moved and won to grace another home; and Ellen devoted her time more exclusively to the excellent Mrs. Seabrook and the lively Sue. But dark clouds began to gather over the business prospects of Arthur. Creditors at a distance failed to meet their engagements, and the increasing difficulties in mercantile life throughout the eastern and southern states, began to exert a baneful influence even in the far west. Men grew cold and cautious. The angel of death at this time passed over St. Louis; and its shadow fell upon two of Arthur's most attached and efficient friends. The houses which had assisted him in all his difficulties before, being now closed, he felt that he was upon the verge of failure, and resolved upon one strenuous effort more to sustain his sinking credit. With this view he started on a collecting tour into the interior of the state, and passing along in a westerly direction, had written from the different points of his journey towards the Osage country, and his last letter to his mother breathed the spirit of hope, founded on the success which had hitherto crowned his efforts. His letter concluded with these words: "I will go up to Fort Gibson, the highest point of steamboat navigation, and as I have seen and will see a great variety of Indian tribes, I expect on my return to fill little Sue with wonders by my descriptions. I will see the noble and stately Osage, the largest race of men now extant, save the Patagonians; the surly Pawnees, the Creeks, the Cherokees, and Chactaws will all have passed under my observation ere I revisit you; for I could not resist the temptation to combine the pleasure of see-

ing this interesting portion of our country, with my more useful purpose in undertaking such a long journey, and if I can possibly abstract the time necessary, I mean to penetrate into the forest haunts of some of the native tribes. You may expect some fine specimens of the tasty work of the daughters of the wilderness, and dearest mother, let not your heart throb with inquietude at the protracted absence of your son." But who can bid a mother's heart *not* be anxious? Mrs. Seabrook felt that the very caution implied the possibility of a cause for disquiet, and deeply did she regret the success which had enabled her son, by remitting the sums he had obtained to St. Louis, to pursue a scheme so full of adventure, if not of danger, and greatly, very greatly were her fears increased, when weeks and months passed by and there came no farther tidings of her son. Month followed month, and no one had heard further of Arthur Seabrook, the house in which he had been a partner ceased to struggle, and was pronounced bankrupt. Mrs. Seabrook found herself in poverty, at the very moment that the best energies of her character were paralyzed by the wretchedness which had overwhelmed her at the loss of her son. Mary and her husband were far distant from St. Louis, and she had none but Ellen to console her; for Sue was yet too young to do more than aggravate her sorrow at the thought of one other helpless one to be involved in suffering. At this moment of trial and difficulty, the character of Ellen Hudson shone forth in all its strength and loveliness. Conquering the weakness of her woman's nature she nerved herself to the task before her, and soothed the grief she could not censure. She recalled the mother to a sense of her duties by speaking of the high principles and nice sense of honor in him she lamented; urging her to entrust the whole of her affairs to the hands of an eminent lawyer, and to retire with little Sue and herself to a smaller abode, which she took and furnished for their future residence. "I do but return a debt," said Ellen as Mrs. Seabrook made a feeble effort to talk of the obligation. "I do but fulfil a duty, dear aunt; nor can it ever be thoroughly performed, until the orphan girl who has so long dwelt beneath the shelter of your roof, feels that you deem her worthy of the dear privilege of having you an inmate within her humbler home." Mrs. Seabrook could resist no longer, and they soon moved to their new abode. Ellen felt no wish to mix again in society, and sedulously avoided the smallest unnecessary expense in her style of living. Her own bereavement in the loss of Arthur was a pang unknown save to her own heart, that told her that its widowed and broken feelings could never cling in earthly love again to another object. However, she subdued every evidence of affliction, and gave her whole time and thoughts to the mother and sister of him she had so deeply loved.

More than twelve months had elapsed since Arthur was last heard of, and Mrs. Seabrook's unceasing anguish had reduced her to despondency, to illness, and to death. When Ellen followed this dear relative and true friend to the grave, she felt that the last tie was broken that had bound her to existence, except the little sister so entirely committed by circumstances to her care. "We will live for each other, my precious Sue," said she, as they clung together in a tearful embrace after Mrs. Seabrook's funeral, and from that hour she devoted all her energies and brilliant talents to the education of the docile girl.

Years passed on. Tranquillity had returned to their home, and happiness to the heart of Sue. It was a clear, cold night on the 24th of December; the candles had been lighted earlier than usual, and Ellen had just asked her young companion, if she had finished her arrangements for a visit from Saint Nicholas, when the street door bell announced a visitor. "Provoking!" exclaimed Sue, "I had hoped to have such a pleasant evening alone with you, Ellen, and hear the conclusion of 'The Winter's Tale,' but now even Shakspeare, I suppose, must wait till our visitor departs,"—and her look of annoyance was scarcely banished by the appearance of a tall, dark-looking man, in a blanket capote and otter-skin cap, who at this moment entered their

quiet parlor. The stranger looked around in silence until Ellen spoke: "It is cold," she said, "draw near the fire, sir, and let me know whom you wish to see." "And am I indeed so changed, Ellen," was all that he could utter, ere Ellen sprang towards him and exclaimed as she met his gaze, "Arthur Seabrook!" Explanations are always tiresome; suffice it to say, that it was indeed the long-lost Arthur, who had returned to find as many changes in the domestic circle he had quitted five years before, as the two who remained to welcome him, beheld in his own appearance.

Seated by the cheering fire, he soon demanded from Ellen a recital of the painful events which had transpired during his absence, promising to relate his own adventures when she had ended. She was yet speaking, and Sue was standing near her brother, whose arm encircled her waist, pressing her closer to his heart, as Ellen, unconscious of the flight of time, dwelt on the last hours of his mother's life, when the clock struck twelve, and the cathedral bell sent forth its joyful peal, announcing to the hearers the birth of the Redeemer. Ellen stopped abruptly: memory retraced the period of Arthur's absence, and reverted to the time when she had so decidedly and painfully rejected his addresses. Thought, quicker than words, had told her, that although returned, it was not for her that Arthur Seabrook had come back; the same obstacle that had prevented their union years before, still existed in all its force. She *felt* that it was so, and the bell which had startled them by its joyful peal, now struck coldly upon her heart. True to her principles, the maiden firmly nerved her heart anew, and bent her eyes in sadness on the floor as she made the sign of the cross upon her breast, and meekly resolved to travel with submission in the path she had chosen, even to the end. These feelings and resolves were the work of an instant. When she again raised her eyes, Arthur was on his knees apparently in deep devotion. In another moment she was by his side. She listened to his deep toned voice as it breathed a holy and fervent thanksgiving to God for having made him, too, a Catholic; and ere the bell had ceased to vibrate on the breeze of night, Arthur and Ellen understood that there was *now* no obstacle to divide two hearts formerly united in all that was pure and noble, and now possessing the strongest of all the ties that can bind heart to heart, in this world of vexation and disappointment—*The same Faith!*

Arthur afterwards told them how he had been taken captive by a treacherous Indian; who, after having shot his horse, had carried him far back from the white settlements, where he had been kept a close prisoner, till within the last two months, when himself and another captive had made their escape together. Without food, and with scarcely the necessary clothing for the journey, they had worked their way, through difficulties and dangers, to the part of the country where their wily captors dared not show hostility to the white man; and now, he added, with a sigh, "I am returned to St. Louis, to find my household scattered and myself a beggar."

"No, no, dearest Arthur," said the happy Ellen; "I am yet wealthy; little has been necessary for the expenses of our humble establishment, and my old capital is still waiting for its owner's orders to be withdrawn from my agent in Baltimore. But of this enough; only do tell me how you became a Catholic, Arthur? *that* is all I want to know at present." "My fellow captive, Ellen, was a priest; and his patience, good temper, and noble perseverance, awakened in my mind a *desire* of knowing the principles and grounds of his belief. I discarded my prejudices; I enquired; was convinced; and, became a Catholic."

It scarcely need be added, that the only barrier being thus removed, Ellen bestowed her hand and fortune where she had long before given her affections; and that when I last saw her, she was as happy a wife as ever blessed a fireside in Missouri.

MOINA.

THE PAST AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

ANOTHER year, with all its smiles and tears,
  Its joys and sorrows, has been swept away;
It too has follow'd all those buried years,
  Which came, and went, and mark'd this world's decay.
Another year is added to our life,
  Which brings us nearer to that destin'd goal,
Where end life's fev'rish dreams, its noise and strife,
  And where is hush'd the passions' rude control.

Have we improv'd in virtue, wisdom, grace,
  Since dawn'd the last new year the world upon?
Have we been constant in the goodly race,
  Which gains the prize by perseverance won?
Have we arisen in the Christian's might,
  And nobly dar'd to trample in the dust,
The pow'r that would our dear-bought treasure blight,
  And from us wrest our heav'n depending trust?

Have we been grateful for each mercy given,
  Each boon descending from the throne above?
Have we sincerely sought to be forgiv'n,
  Through channels left by all-redeeming love?
If not, O let us now with heart sincere,
  And minds resolved the holy work commence,
Lest we, perhaps, ere dawns the next new year,
  From earth, and all its pomps, be summon'd hence.

In one short year what changes do abound,
  Upon this tearful, busy, fleeting sphere!
How many sleep the dreamless sleep profound,
  Who hail'd, with happy hearts, the last New Year!
Their seats are vacant 'round the cheerful hearth,
  Where oft their voice was heard in joyous sound;
They're now reposing in the lap of earth,
  And lank decay his work is spreading round.

Let us, who live, give grateful praises due,
  To Him whose goodness does our span extend;
Let thanks arise, the vast creation through,
  And loud hosannas from all lips ascend.
Such thanks are due, then, why should we refuse
  The tribute of our praise, for mercies giv'n;
Shall we, vile ingrates, all those gifts abuse,
  And steel our hearts against the boon of heav'n?

Within a breast, where reason holds control,
  Such rebel thoughts, we trust, may ne'er arise,
Oh! may such thoughts, ne'er lure a trusting soul,
  To lose its destin'd bliss beyond the skies,
But may we all evince allegiance true,
  And faithful serve our God while tarrying here;
And may we all, our praise and thanks renew,
  Who live to see the birth of each NEW YEAR.

Selected.

ST. AMBROSE AND JUSTINA.

AUXENTIUS, the Arian bishop of the see of Milan, died A. D., 374, upon which the bishops of the province wrote to the then emperor, Valentinian the first, who was in Gaul, requesting him to name the person who was to succeed him. This was a prudent step on their part, Arianism having introduced such matter for discord and faction among the Milanese, that it was dangerous to submit the election to the people at large, though the majority of them were orthodox. Valentinian, however, declined to avail himself of the permission thus given him; the choice was thrown upon the voices of the people; and the cathedral, which was the place of assembling, was soon a scene of disgraceful uproar; as the bishops had anticipated. Ambrose was at that time civil governor of the province of which Milan was the capital: and, the tumult increasing, he was obliged to interfere in person, with a view of preventing its ending in open sedition. He was a man of grave character; and had been in youth brought up with a sister who had devoted herself to the service of God in a single life; but as yet he was only a catechumen, though above thirty years of age. Arrived at the scene of tumult, he addressed the assembled crowds, exhorting them to peace and order. While he was speaking, a child's voice, as is reported, was heard in the midst of the crowd to say, "Ambrose is bishop;" the populace took up the cry, and both parties in the church, Catholic and Arian, whether influenced by a sudden enthusiasm, or willing to take a man who was unconnected with party, voted unanimously for the election of Ambrose. It is not wonderful that the subject of this sudden decision should have been unwilling to quit his civil office for a station of such high responsibility; for many days he fought against the popular voice, and that by the most extravagant expedients. He absconded, and was not recovered till the emperor, confirming the act of the people of Milan, published an edict against all who should conceal him. Under these strange circumstances, Ambrose was at length consecrated bishop. His ordination was canonical only on the supposition that it came under those rare exceptions, for which the rules of the Church allow when they speak of election "by divine grace," by the immediate suggestion of God; and if ever a bishop's character and works might be appealed to as evidence of the divine purpose, surely Ambrose was the subject of that singular and extraordinary favor. From the time of his call, he devoted his life and abilities to the service of Christ. He bestowed his personal property on the poor: his lands on the Church; making his sister tenant for life. Next he gave himself up to the peculiar studies necessary for the due execution of his high duties, till he gained that deep insight into Catholic truth, which is evidenced in his works; and in no common measure in relation to Arianism, which had been the dominant creed in Milan for twenty years preceding his elevation.

Basil of Cæsarea was at this time the main pillar of Catholic truth in the east, having succeeded Athanasius of Alexandria, who died about the time that both Basil and Ambrose were advanced to their respective sees. He addresses the new bishop in these words, in an extant epistle:

"Proceed in thy work, thou man of God; and since thou hast not received the gospel of Christ of men, neither wast taught it, but the Lord himself translated thee from among the world's judges to the chair of the apostles, fight the good fight, set right the infirmities of the people, wherever the Arian madness has affected them; renew the old foot-prints of the fathers, and by frequent correspondence build up thy love towards us, of which thou hast already laid the foundation."—*Ep.* 197.

Ambrose had presided in his see about eleven years, at the time when the events took place which are here to be related. Valentinian was dead, as well as his eldest son Gratian. His second son, who bore his own name, was emperor of the west, under the tutelage of Justina, who had been his second wife.

Justina was an Arian; and brought up her son in her own heretical views. This was about the time when heresy was finally subdued in the eastern Churches; the council of Constantinople had lately been held, many Arian bishops had conformed, and laws had been passed by Theodosius against those who held out. It was natural under such circumstances that a number of the latter should flock to the court of Milan for protection and patronage. The Gothic officers of the palace were Arians also, as might be supposed, after the creed of their nation. At length they obtained a bishop of their persuasion from the east; and having now the form of an ecclesiastical body, they used the influence of Valentinian, or rather his mother, to extort from Ambrose one of the churches of Milan for worship.

The bishop was summoned to the palace before the assembled court, and was formally asked to relinquish St. Victor's church, then called the Portian Basilica, which was without the walls, for the Arian worship. His duty was plain; the churches were the property of Christ; he was the representative of Christ, and was therefore bound not to cede what was committed to him in trust. This is the account of the matter given by himself:

"Do not," he says, "O emperor, embarrass yourself with the thought that you have an emperor's right over sacred things. Exalt not yourself, but, as you would enjoy a continuance of power, be God's subject. It is written, God's to God, and Cæsar's to Cæsar. The palace is the emperor's, the churches are the bishop's."—*Ep.* 20.

This argument which is true at all times, was much more convincing in an age like the primitive, before men had begun to deny that Christ had left a visible representative of himself in his Church. If there was a body to whom the concerns of religion were intrusted, there could be no doubt it was that over which Ambrose presided. It had been there planted ever since Milan became Christian, its ministers were descended from the apostles, and it was the legitimate trustee of the sacred property. Ambrose rested his resistance on grounds which the people understood at once, and recognized as irrefragable. They felt that he was only refusing to surrender a trust. They rose in a body, and thronged the palace gates. A company of soldiers was sent to disperse them; and a riot was on the point of ensuing, when the ministers of the court became alarmed, and despatched Ambrose to appease the tumult, with the pledge that no further attempt should be made on the possessions of the Church.

Justina failing to intimidate, made various underhand attempts to remove the champion of orthodoxy. She endeavored to raise the people against him. Failing in this object, next, by the promise of offices and places of dignity, she set on foot various projects to seize him in church, and carry him off into banishment. One man went so far as to take lodgings near the church, and had a carriage in readiness, in order to avail himself of any opportunity which offered to convey him away. But none of these attempts succeeded.

This was the month of March; as Easter drew on, more vigorous steps were taken by the court. On April 4th, the Friday before Palm Sunday, the demand for a church for the Arians was renewed; the pledges which the government had given, that no further steps should be taken in the matter, being perhaps evaded by changing the church which was demanded. Ambrose was now asked for the New or Roman Basilica, which was within the walls and larger than the Portian. It was dedicated to the apostles, and (I may add, for the sake of the antiquarian,) was built in the form of a cross. When the bishop refused in the same language as before, the imperial minister returned to the demand of the Portian church; but, the people interfering, and being clamorous against the proposal, he was obliged to retire to the palace to report how matters stood.

On Palm Sunday, after the lessons and sermon had been read in the Basilica, in which he officiated, Ambrose was engaged in teaching the creed to the candidates for baptism, who, as was customary, had been catechised during Lent; and were to be admitted into the church on the night before Easter day. News was brought him that the officers of the court had taken possession of the Portian church, and were arranging the imperial hangings in token of its being confiscated to the emperor; on the other hand that the people were flocking thither. Ambrose continued the service of the day; but when he was in the midst of the celebration of the eucharistical rite, a second message came that one of the Arian priests was in the hands of the populace.

"On this news, (he says, writing to his sister,) I could not keep from shedding many bitter tears, and while I made oblation, I prayed God's protection that no blood might be shed in the Church's quarrel: or if so, that it might be mine; and that, not for my people only, but for the ungodly."—*Ep.* 20. At the same time he despatched a number of his clergy to the spot, who had influence enough to rescue the unfortunate man from the mob.

Though Ambrose so far seems to have been supported by popular movement, yet the proceedings of the following week showed that he had the great mass of respectable citizens on his side. The imprudent measures of the court, in punishing those whom it considered its enemies, disclosed to the world their number and importance. The tradesmen were fined two hundred pounds of gold, and many were thrown into prison. All the officers, moreover, and dependants of the courts of justice, were ordered to keep in doors during the continuance of the disorders; and men of higher rank were menaced with severe consequences, unless the Basilica were surrendered.

Such were the acts by which the imperial court solemnized Passion week. At length a fresh interview was sought with Ambrose, which shall be described in a few words:

"I had a meeting with the counts and tribunes, who urged me to give up the Basilica without delay, on the grounds that the emperor was but acting on his undoubted rights, as possessing sovereign power over all things. I made answer, that if he asked me for what was my own—for instance, my estates, my money, or the like—I would make no opposition: though, to tell the truth, all that was mine was the property of the poor; my person, here I am. Would you take to prison or to death? I go with pleasure. Far be it from me to entrench myself within the circle of a multitude, or to clasp the altar in supplication for my life; rather I will be a sacrifice for altar's sake.

"In good truth, when I heard that soldiers were sent to take possession of Basilica, I was horrified at the prospect of bloodshed, which might issue in ruin to the whole city, I prayed God that I might not survive the ruin which might ensue of such a place, nay, of Italy itself. I shrunk from the odium of having occasioned slaughter, and would sooner have given my own throat to the knife. . . . . Presently they bade me calm the people. I replied, that all I could do was not to inflame them; but God alone could appease them. For myself, if I appeared to have instigated them, it was the duty of the government to proceed against me, or banish me. Upon this they left me."

Ambrose spent the rest of Palm Sunday in the same Basilica in which he had been officiating in the morning: at night he went to his own house, that the civil power might have an opportunity of arresting him if it was thought advisable.

The attempt to gain the Portian seems now to have been dropped; but on Wednesday troops were marched before day-break to take possession of the new church, which was within the walls. Ambrose, upon the news of this fresh movement, used the weapons of an apostle. He did not seek to disturb them in their possession; but, attending service at his own church, he was content to threaten the soldiers with a sentence of excommunication. Meanwhile, the new church, where the soldiers were posted, began to fill with a larger congregation than it ever contained before the persecution. Ambrose was requested to go thither; but, desirous of drawing the people away from the scene of imperial tyranny, lest a riot

should ensue, he remained in the Portian, and began to comment on the lesson of the day, which was from the book of Job. First he commended for Christian patience and resignation with which they had hitherto borne their trial, which indeed was, on the whole, surprising, considering the usual inflammable nature of a multitude. "We petition your majesty," they said to the emperor; "we use no force, we feel no fear, but we petition." It is common in the leader of a multitude to profess peaceableness, but very unusual for the multitude to persevere in doing so. Ambrose went on to observe, that both they and he had in their way been tempted, as Job was, by the powers of evil. For himself, his peculiar trial had lain in the reflection that the extraordinary measures of the government, the movements of the Gothic guards, the fines of the tradesmen, the various sufferings of the saints, all arose from what might be considered his obstinacy in not yielding to what seemed an overwhelming necessity, and giving the Basilica to the Arians. Yet, he felt that to do so would be to peril his soul; so that the request was but the voice of the tempter as he spoke in Job's wife, to make him "say a word against God, and die," to betray his trust, and incur the sentence of spiritual death.

Before this time the soldiers who had been sent to the new church, from dread of the threat of excommunication, had declared against the sacrilege, and joined his congregation at the Portian; and now the news came that the royal hangings had been taken down. Soon after, as he was continuing his address to the people, a fresh message came to him from the court, to ask him, whether he had intention of domineering over his sovereign? Ambrose, in answer, showed the pains he had taken to observe a passive obedience to the emperor's will, and to hinder disturbance: then he added—

"Priests have by old right bestowed sovereignty, never assumed it, and it is a common saying, that sovereigns have coveted the priesthood more than priests the sovereignty. Christ hid himself, lest he should be made a king. Yes! we have a dominion of our own. The dominion of the priest lies in his helplessness, as it is said, 'when I am weak, then am I strong.'"

And so ended the dispute for a time. On Good Friday the court gave way; the guards were ordered from the Basilica, and the fines were remitted. I end for the present with the view which Ambrose took of the prospect before him.

"Thus the matter rests; I wish I could say, has ended: but the emperor's words are of that angry sort which shows that a more severe contest is in store. He calls me a tyrant, or what is still worse. He implied this when his ministry were entreating him, on the petition of the soldiery to attend church. 'Should Ambrose bid you,' he made answer, 'doubtless you would give me to him in chains.' I leave you to judge what these words promise. Persons present were all shocked at hearing them; but there are parties who exasperate him."

From the London Catholic.

PUBLIC CHARITY AND PRIMARY INSTRUCTION AT ROME.

HOW little do those tourists who differ from us in religion ever see or know of the real character of Rome! How little conscious are they, when residing in the hotels of the Piazza di Spagna, or rolling about in their carriages, or exploring the curiosities of that capital, with their guide-books in their hands, and their Ciceronis at their sides, of what is hourly going on in the interior of the ecclesiastical, social, charitable, and scholastic systems of the metropolis of Christendom! Having put down in their tablets such notes as their time may permit, or their memories may suggest,

they fancy that when they have gone through the churches, museums, palaces, public galleries, and antiquities of the place, they have gleaned all the information they can desire to possess. They attend at some of the solemn functions of the church, their conduct at which shows, and their publications (when they do publish) abundantly prove, that they believe our holy religion to be a mere exhibition of pageantry and idolatry, got up to captivate the senses of the ignorant, and to keep them benighted in the lowest abysses of superstition and credulity. They behold in the streets, at all hours of the day, great numbers of the clergy moving about in all directions; they know not that these men are either returning from, or proceeding to, churches, hospitals, colleges, schools, where they have all their appointed duties to perform, or that they have just been beside the bed of disease, administering spiritual consolation to the suffering patient, or soothing his dying agonies with the last rites of the Church. Ignorant of all this, our hasty travellers set down these crowds of our clergy as so many drones and idlers, a mere mass of hypocrites, sunk in the depths of every species of corruption.

What can be said of Lady Morgan and other still more ignorant and superficial travellers, when even Sir John Hobhouse, a writer of no ordinary research and genius, deliberately accused of idolatry a number of devout men and women whom he found assembled in the Pantheon at Rome, reciting the rosary before an image of the Madonna? One of the latest libellers of our religion, as she saw it practised in Rome, Mrs. Jameson, could scarcely think of any thing while she was in the Sistine chapel at high mass, than the unfolding of the trains of the cardinals as they came in, a description of which Lady Morgan has wrought into a gross caricature? It is thus that the same authoress (Mrs. Jameson) speaks of the celebration of one of the most splendid ceremonies of our Church, on the anniversary of St. Peter's entrance into Rome, and of his taking possession of the papal chair: "To see the high priest of an ancient and wide-spread superstition publicly officiate in his sacred character, in the grandest temple in the universe, and surrounded by all the trappings of his spiritual and temporal authority, was an exhibition to make *sad a reflecting mind!*"

How often have we heard from such authorities as these of the state of imbecility, vice, and degradation into which the Roman nobility have fallen—how little they do for their country—how depressed they are in the scale of aristocracy—how selfish they are—how irreligious—how mean and contemptible in every respect! The very writers who have defiled their pages with these calumnies forget that in the palaces of those princes to which they have been most hospitably admitted, they have found materials for many a page of their publications, in the countless and often incomparable works of art which they have seen in the galleries of those "selfish," "mean," and "contemptible" men! How deplorably ignorant they must be of the real characters and habits of those noblemen! Why, there is not—we believe we may speak literally—*not one* of those noblemen—nay, not even a man of any respectability in the city of Rome—who is not enrolled in some confraternity, for the purpose of performing practical works of piety and charity. There is scarcely an hour in the day in which members of these admirable associations may not be seen moving in companies through the streets of Rome, their faces closely masqued, and their persons enveloped in a coarse garment, which saves them from being known. They are either going to bury the dead, or to attend the sick in the hospitals, or returning from those deeds of corporeal mercy! Most, if not all the members of the highest orders in Rome, male and female, belong to associations for the perpetual adoration of the most holy sacrament. We might name a number of wealthy princesses, and of the ladies of foreign ministers in Rome, who hold weekly meetings for the purpose of arranging secret visits to the houses or apartments of the poor, who, though suffering extreme privations of every kind, are "ashamed to beg." Relief, in money, in personal apparel, in comfortable clothing for their beds, in sup-

plies of medicine, of wine, when necessary, and of all things calculated to mitigate their sufferings, reach them, they know not from whom. We could name some ladies of rank and fortune who almost daily inspect hospitals and poor schools, supported chiefly by their own bounty, or by collections which they obtained from their friends. We have seen them watching over the beds of sick orphans, administering to them medicine, standing as sponsors for them at confirmation, and arranging for the due supply of their little wardrobes. What did Lady Morgan, who has so grossly vituperated all Italian nobles—those of Rome most especially—know of the facts we have just mentioned?

Every body is aware of the infamous titles by which foreigners, differing from us in faith, are accustomed to designate Rome: the "scarlet lady," the "pit of corruption," the "residence of antichrist," and "the mother of shame and pollution of every description." Instances have been known, and we could mention some ourselves—of German Protestants being ordered by their medical men to repair to Naples for the improvement of their health, and of their putting themselves to the utmost inconvenience in the course of their journey, in order, if possible, to avoid passing through Rome on their way to their destination, so great was their horror of breathing even for a day, the same atmosphere with the "man of sin,"—that is, the holy Father! But a little, indeed, very little, well directed inquiry might have enabled them to satisfy their minds that there is not in the world a community of human beings, their numbers and general situation considered, so free from vice as are the Roman people. Exceptions to this representation no doubt occur from time to time, under the form of robberies and assassinations. But, on the other hand, if the corruption of the female sex extend to any considerable degree—which is believed not to be the case—at least it is hidden from the eye of the world, a homage to virtue which we certainly cannot boast of with reference to London, Edinburgh, or Dublin. One need only go into the churches on Sundays to see how well they are attended by both sexes, from an early hour in the morning to midday, and at vespers in the afternoon. During the week-days, also, mass is celebrated in almost all public churches of Rome every half hour, from sunrise until noon. During those hours hundreds of the faithful may be seen kneeling on the bare floor round the side chapels.

One of the most important hospitals in Rome is that of St. Sauveur, on the Celian Mount, originally founded by the Cardinal John Colonna. It is under the care of the order of the "Hospital Sisters." Seven clergymen reside regularly in the establishment, and they receive abundant assistance from others, both secular and regular, who voluntarily repair thither to know if their services might be required. This establishment is dedicated to the reception of female invalids, without any distinction of station, country, or religion, according to the general and generous plan upon which all Roman charities are conducted. The institution of the "Hospital Sisters" was founded in the year 1821, by the Princess Teresa Doria Pamphili. They make four simple vows, poverty, chastity, obedience, and hospitality. They wear a uniform of black serge, and live in community. Widows are admissible to the order as well as unmarried females. They divide themselves into batches of six members each, who take it in turn to attend the sick throughout the night and day. They are supplied with cells, food, and raiment, by the hospital. To their hospital labors they, of course, add the performance of religious duties adapted to their order, but so arranged as never to interfere with their attentions to the sick. The charity of these admirable women, who thus separate themselves from all the pleasures and seductions of the world, can only have been inspired by real and profound sentiments of religion. The establishment enjoys a revenue of thirty-two thousand crowns a year, of which nearly the half is supplied by the government.

The Hospital Sisters have also been introduced into several other similar establishments, the number of which we need not here specify, as they are to be found in

almost every quarter of Rome, adapted to diseases of every description, and generally richly endowed by the founders. In every case where sufficient funds do not exist, arising from these sources, the deficit is made good by the government, and sometimes by private benevolence.

During what are called the sacred years, that is, the years of jubilee (a jubilee is held every twenty-five years), the number of pilgrims who flock to Rome from all parts of the world is surprising. The number in the year 1825 (the last jubilee) was very near one hundred and eighty-two thousand men and ninety-one thousand three hundred and eighty-five women; in the whole upwards of two hundred and seventy-three thousand persons. The highest number recorded in the work before us is that set down opposite to the year 1625, when no fewer than five hundred and eighty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty pilgrims found their way to the holy city, of whom one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-one were females! In ordinary years, during the festivals of Easter, of Corpus Christi, and other great solemnities, the number of pilgrims in Rome does not exceed four or five hundred. Several establishments for the reception of pilgrims had been founded by Christian kings and princes in the early ages, but these fell away, from various causes, so that when the number of these pious characters was excessive, many arrived overpowered by fasting and fatigue, without a roof beneath which they might lay down their weary heads. The care of all the pilgrims for whom no hospital had been provided was transferred to the society of the adoration of the holy sacrament, who obtained for their use, from a noble lady, Elena Orsini, a large mansion near the baths of Agrippina; besides this, they have another hospital, in which they can accommodate a considerable number of pilgrims, on the ground-floor of which there are two chambers, in which, in remembrance of the act of our Saviour, the washing of the feet is annually performed.

In order to entitle him to be received in any of the hospitals under the care of the society, the pilgrims must have come from a distance of at least sixty miles from Rome, and be furnished with a certificate from his parish priest, attesting that his object in going to Rome is to visit the holy places. Members of the society are in attendance to receive and examine these certificates, with a view to guard against fraud. Poor travellers here, also, find an asylum. If they be Italian, they receive entertainment for one day; if they be ultra-montane, for two days. Should they be Bohemians, they are presented on their departure with a crown out of funds which have been bequeathed specially to the hospital for that purpose. Portuguese are entertained for five days, and on going away receive each a present of a Roman sequin. The repast consists of a pound of bread, a portion of wine, six ounces of meat, a potage, fruit, and cheese. While serving their guests, the members of the society are clothed from head to foot in a coarse red garb, and our author very justly remarks, that it is indeed a beautiful and edifying spectacle to behold seated at long tables rows of men of different features, languages, and manners, assembled together from all parts of the world, in order to gain the indulgences, and attended in the most humble manner by persons eminently distinguished by their birth and station. It often happens that noblemen and others of elevated rank put on the habit of the pilgrim, and, as an act of Christian humility, repair in that dress to Rome, seeking, like other pilgrims, the hospitality provided for them by the care of the society, who are called the Society of the Holy Trinity. Although in the jubilee years they have to sustain an expense of upwards of one hundred thousand crowns, still their establishments are in a prosperous condition. Their annual revenue amounts to eighteen thousand crowns, of which two thousand and four hundred are paid by the apostolic chamber. We learn that Mrs. Trollope has been lately *posting* through Italy, and that she actually spent a whole week at Rome! We venture to predict that in her account of what may be literally called her "flying journey," she will not say one word of the Society of the Holy Trinity, for this good

reason, that she will have come away without knowing that there ever was such a society in existence.

There is, under the immediate protection of the Pope's almoner, an establishment for supplying with medical assistance at their own houses invalids who would not, from various considerations, like to repair to the public hospitals. For this purpose the city is divided into a certain number of sections, which are placed under the care of eleven visiters, who are usually virtuous, charitable ecclesiastics, each of whom has his own doctor and surgeon. When an invalid requires the aid of this establishment he informs his *curé*, who sends a note to the dispensary belonging to this establishment, and every thing is then done for him which his case requires.

Allusion has already been made to the confraternity for the burial of the dead. Their church is in Via Giulia. When they receive intelligence of the death of a person who is in need of their services, they repair to their church, where they assume their black dresses; they proceed forthwith, at all times and seasons, to the place where the body lies, even though it may be twenty or thirty miles from Rome. During an inundation of the Tiber which occurred in the pontificate of Clement VIII, the members took their stations along the river as far as Ostia, and made use of every possible measure for recovering the bodies which had been carried away by the flood.

Within the city they usually accompany the funeral of the departed, accompanied frequently by other societies also. Their secretary summons them by a note to meet at their church at a certain hour after dinner. Clothed in their habit which covers their head, and permits only their eyes to be seen, they proceed to the place where the body is, and bear it to the church, singing psalms and holding lighted torches in their hands. They subsequently take it to the grave. These duties they perform not only for departed members of their own fraternity, but for any person, Roman or foreign, for whom their services may be necessary. They have a cemetery near their church.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Translated from the French.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

So great a solemnity as the Nativity of our Lord well deserved an octave. For many ages the eighth day after Christmas was called the octave of the Nativity of Jesus. It is believed that about the year 660 this festival received its present name, the Circumcision of our Lord.

An ancient volume, speaking of the celebration of this day, observes: "Jesus Christ wished to teach us by this mystery that although the divinity was united to his humanity, he had not come to claim for himself an exemption from the observance of the law." At the commencement of a new year, the Church offers to the meditation of the faithful, an example of obedience and submission to the established laws; addressing them, as it were, in such terms as these: "During the time that may yet be allotted you, be obedient to those whom Providence has placed over you. Look upon him whose divine person was never sullied by the slightest stain of sin, and who, therefore, had no need of circumcision or baptism;—but, as he came to teach humility, he does not refuse to submit to the common yoke."

In the Mosaic law, no special place was assigned for the ceremony of circumcision. It is, therefore, probable that the Son of Mary was circumcised in Bethlehem, his native city, for there the Magi found him when they went to pay him the tribute of their adoration. The day on which the blood of the new-born infant first flowed, was selected for giving him the adorable

name which was to distinguish him among men. The Son of God might have assumed of right the most illustrious names, such as had been honored by the most celebrated kings and conquerors. But no; he preferred the name of *Jesus*, which signifies *Saviour*, to all other titles. Hence we read in the hymn for this festival: "To add to their glory, conquerors are distinguished by the names of the nations which they have subdued; but thou, O Jesus! thou who preferrest rather to liberate than to conquer, assumest a name which proclaims deliverance."

From the council of Tours, held in the year 566, we learn that on the first of January a decree was passed, which required that the chant of the sacred litanies should be substituted for the impious and superstitious songs of the pagans. This shows that the first day of the year was not so much a day of rejoicing and festivity as of penance and expiation; a day on which the joyful alleluia did not occur in the divine office. Towards the end of the seventh century the Church abrogated the three fasting days which preceding councils had prescribed for the end of the closing year and the beginning of the next. She strenuously exhorted the faithful to substitute the *poor* for their *friends*, and to convert their new year's presents into alms. This practice implies the perfection of Christian charity. Time in its onward course, may effect some changes in the ceremonies of the religious festivals, but the spirit of Catholicity remains unaltered, ever pure and elevated, full of tenderness and love, of mercy and justice. And when time shall have been swallowed up in eternity, that spirit will return to God who made it; like those angels who visited the holy patriarchs and prophets, and again winged their flight to heaven with their snowy feet unsullied by the dust of earth, and without having lost a feather from their wings!

If the custom of giving new year's presents and paying complimentary visits has become an established usage, religion has sanctified it by her wisdom and her councils. I shall never forget one new year's day; it was about nine in the morning. I was at Rouen. I entered the church of St. Maclan which was thronged with the faithful, and the venerable and respected pastor was in the pulpit. It well became the poor inhabitants of this poor neighborhood, to assemble at the opening of the new year, in order to ask of God strength for the proper discharge of their various duties, and resignation in their sufferings; for in this parish but few wealthy persons resided, and resignation and fortitude were virtues of primary importance. The good pastor addressed his flock in that feeling tone of paternal solicitude which goes to the heart. I remained standing in the crowd, and so deep was the impression made upon me by the words of the good father, that I have not forgotten them. "Many among you," said the venerable curate, "many among you have come to wish me a happy new year. I thank you sincerely; but in order that the year which this day has ushered in, may be a happy one for me, it must also be so for you. In my turn, then, my dear children, I wish you all a happy year; a year free from poverty and distress, marked by no awful visitation from God, a year spent in the practice of virtue, and conducting you to the blissful years of eternity. To you who are now listening to my feeble accents, and who are unaccustomed to splendid and costly garments, and princely attire, I wish and recommend resignation and patience. . . . . Continue, in the spirit of Christian submission and humility, to wear the poor clothing in which I now behold you clad; and when those *eternal years* which I have wished you shall arrive, God will change that humble apparel into robes of purple, more splendid than the garments of kings."

Being in the crowd, I witnessed the emotion which the good father's words created; one could not but observe that there existed between the flock and its pastor, between the children and their father, between Christians and their priest, a union of charity so intimate, that they seemed to possess but one heart and one soul. I have witnessed many a new-year's day, in times of prosperity as well as of adversity; I have repaired with the crowd to the houses of the great, to present my congratulations to the favored of this world; and under all the various cir-

cumstances of this festive period, much has passed under my observation; I have forgotten all. How is it that I still retain the recollection of that interchange of kind feelings between the venerable curate and his poor parishioners? . . . . Ah! it is because Religion stamped upon the scene her sacred impress, which nothing has been able to efface.

There are many who pass from one year to another, without any peculiar sensation, and who sneer at you when you tell them that you cannot finish one year and begin another without experiencing some emotion. For my part, I acknowledge that I never count the strokes of the midnight clock on the 31st of December, without an involuntary shudder; when the last sound has been given, I listen to it as it dies away upon the ear, and the lingering vibration irresistibly leads me to reflection.

In this solemn moment of transition from the old to the new year, we should call to mind some religious thought; otherwise the soul would be a prey to sadness. How many of our dearest friends has not the year that has just been swallowed up in eternity, consigned to the gloomy silence of the tomb!

With hope for the future, and resignation for the past, I hail the new year with the following sentiments: Welcome, daughter of time; though thou approachest us as a stranger, I welcome thee; thou comest enveloped in a mist; we cannot tell whether thy countenance wears a stern or a smiling aspect; whether thy yet closed hands are the bearers of prosperity or misfortune, whether thou hast in the ample folds of thy mantle, the blessings of peace or the calamities of war; but although wrapped up in mystery for us, still thou art a messenger from God, and therefore do we bid you welcome. "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord."

The day which commences the year, appears to me so solemn, that I could wish religion had a still greater share in its celebration. In some countries, when a fountain is to be opened in a city for the use of the inhabitants, a venerable pontiff appears to bless the salutary waters, which are about to flow. Would, too, that from the steps of the altar, a benediction were pronounced upon the days which are about to be added to the stream of life! Could we find in the whole system of nature, a greater resemblance between objects, than what is exhibited by a fountain of water and the fleeting current of time? The water mingles ultimately with the ocean; time is merged in eternity. But though the aged ocean says not to the returning waves, why are you thus turbid and agitated? God will nevertheless put to us the important question, "why have not your days been pure?" . . Let us, therefore, endeavor to return them to their author, unspotted as they left him.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MISS OTT.

The waves are now calm, for the silvery deep
Hath hushed its loud roar where the mariners sleep;
The lonely sea-bird that bedewed its white breast
In the storm-lifted billow, hath flown to its nest.
The dark clouds have fled that o'ershadowed the main,
And left not a gloom o'er the wide liquid plain.

Yet where is the bark that so proudly defied
The rush of the winds and the swell of the tide;
When inhaling each breeze and resisting each gale,
The seamen's hearts glowed as they viewed her full sail;

And thought of the scenes of their own happy land,
Where love had encircled their dear kindred band.

Ah! short was the joy which then beamed in each eye;
The voice of the tempest was heard from on high;
The thunder's loud peal, and the lightning's bright glare,
Made faces look ghastly with fear and despair;
In vain was the struggle with tempest and wave,
The ship and her crew found a deep wat'ry grave.

A mourning was heard on the far-off green shore,
For those whom the dark tide could speed back no more;
Whose whitened bones lay 'mid the ocean enshrined,
Where coral stems bent, and the sea-weed entwined.
But sorrow's sad strain could ne'er wake from their sleep
The spirits of those who now rest in the deep.

Still, still shall they slumber, they're rocked by the surge,
The sigh of the wind be their funeral dirge!
Though tempests may roar, and the white-crested wave
In anger may roll o'er their low-pillowed grave,
The deep sleep of death naught of terror will wake,
Till the archangel's trumpet its quiet doth break.

CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

The following extracts are from the learned and interesting work of Dr. Wiseman on the offices and ceremonies of Holy Week as performed in the papal chapels. The contents of the volume consist of four lectures, that were delivered in Rome during the Lent of 1837. In the first two the author considers these ceremonies in their external and internal relations with the arts; in the third he dwells on their historical value, and in the fourth he exhibits their religious influence. We shall place before our readers the principal portions of these able and entertaining essays, commencing with the third which views the ceremonies of Holy Week as monumental observances, which attest the continuance of the Church through every age, and many of them, traceable to the remotest antiquity, stamp upon her the impress of apostolic origin. Ed.

NO. I.

CONNECTION OF THESE CEREMONIES WITH HISTORY.

On hearing that I am about to treat of the historical value of these offices and ceremonies, perhaps many will be inclined to prejudge that I am anxious to prove them all most ancient, and trace them back to the earliest times of Christianity. Whoever shall so imagine will be completely mistaken. If the Catholic Church, in all things essential of faith and worship, lays claim to apostolic antiquity, she no less holds a right to continuity of descent; and this, as well as the other, must be by monuments attested. When we cast our eyes over England, and see, in every part, remains of ancient grandeur belonging to a very early age—raised lines of prætorian encampments and military roads, or sepulchral mounds with their lachrymals and brazen vessels; then in our search find nothing more, till, many centuries after, noble edifices for worship, first somewhat ruder, then ever growing in beauty, begin to cover the land; we conclude, indeed, that it has long been peopled, but that the break of monumental continuities proves the later race to have had nought in common with the earlier: but that a dreary waste of some sort must have widely spread and lasted long between them. Not so on the other hand is it with this city, in which an unfailing series of public monuments,

from the earliest times, shows that one people alone have ruled and been great within it, and guided its policy upon a constant plan. It is even thus with the Church which, in many and varied ways, has recorded its belief, its aspirations, and its feelings, upon monuments of every age,—in none more clearly than in her sacred offices. It would be unnatural to refer many of the rites now observed to the very earliest ages. What have joyful processions in common with the low and crooked labyrinths of the catacombs? How would the palm branch grate upon the feelings of men crushed under persecution, and praying in sackcloth and ashes for peace? These are the natural symbols of joy and triumph; they express the outburst of the heart when restored to light and liberty; they are forms of Christian lustration over scenes and places that have been defiled with previous abominations.

One striking difference between the old and new law seems to consist in this, that the latter was not content to form the spirit of the religious, but moulded its external appearance to an unalterable type. The Jewish nation might undergo any political modification, but the forms of its worship, its place and circumstances, its ceremonies and expressions, were ever to be the same. And yet, with this stiff unvarying character, its worship was essentially monumental. The paschal solemnity was a ceremonial rite, acting dramatically, and so commemorating the liberation of Egypt; the feast of Pentecost reminded every succeeding generation of the delivery of the law: that of Tabernacles celebrated the long sojourn in the desert. Later, new festivals were added, to record the dedication of the temple, under Solomon, and its purification, under the Macabees, and the salvation of the people from the cruel designs of Aman. Many of the Psalms, or canticles sung in the temple, were likewise historical, or composed by David on particular passages of his life.

But in all this we see no power of development; no expressive force which allowed the feelings and powers of each age to imprint themselves on the worship, and characterise it in later times by the monumental remains of discipline and customs variable in every age. In the sense which I have spoken of the Jewish religion, the Christian worship is eminently monumental, as the very festivals of which we are treating do abundantly declare. And in addition to this, it has continued, from age to age, both to institute new festivities as memorials of its varied relations with outward things, and to mark its feelings at peculiar seasons, in every part of its offices and prayers. The discovery of the cross, under Constantine, the dedication of the Lateran and Vatican basilicas, and the recovery of the symbol of our salvation, under Heraclius, are thus commemorated. In later times, the foundation of institutes for redeeming captives, celebrated in a peculiar feast,* records the miserable subjection of great part of Christendom to barbarian tyranny; and festivals yet celebrate amongst us the victories by which that power was broken, and the west freed for ever from its fear.† When, in 1634, Pope Urban VIII discovered the relics of St. Martina and rebuilt her church, he himself wrote the hymns for her office; and there deposited the last feelings of anxiety and the last prayers of the Church for her liberation from the terrors of Mahomedan power. In like manner will posterity commemorate each succeeding year, in the hymn and lessons appointed for the 24th of May, the unexpected return of the venerable Pius VII to the throne of his predecessors, after his long captivity.‡ In the service of the Church of England three or four historical events have been, I believe, recorded; the murder of Charles I, the restoration of his family, the arrival of king William, and the Gunpowder Plot. Each of these commemorations is more connected with political events than conducive to religious feelings; the last, perhaps, may be considered as rather tending to keep alive a spirit very different from charity and brotherly kindness. When the contests for the crown of Naples used to bring into Italy periodical incursions of French armies, whose track was ever marked by rapine and desolation, they were viewed in the light of a public scourge, and

* S. Maria de Mercede.
† On the festival of the Rosary.
‡ A festival observed peculiarly in Rome.

their removal was deemed a fitting subject for prayer. Hence, in the Missals of Lombardy, at that period, we find a mass entitled, "Missa contra Gallos." But no sooner was the evil at an end than the prayer was, in good taste and charitable feeling, abolished. The day, perhaps, will come when similar motives may produce, in our country, similar effects.

But what forms a distinctive property of Christ's religion, is, that he left few or no regulations concerning external worship. He instituted sacraments that consist of outward rites; but left the abundance, or parsimony of external ceremony, to depend upon those circumstances or vicissitudes through which his Church should pass, and the feelings which they might inspire. It is this idea which my discourse of to-day is intended to develope, by representing to you the ceremonies of Holy Week, as monumental records of various times and ages, each of which has left its image stamped upon them as they passed over. And thus, methinks, they will possess an additional interest, as monumental proofs of the continuous feeling which has preserved, as it embellished them, from the very beginning.

The most important functions of Holy Week are referred to the common and daily liturgy of the Church, and are joined to it as to a base which they adorn for the time, with records of events by them commemorated. Palm Sunday has its blessings and procession only in preparation for the liturgy or mass; and its solemn passion is only the gospel adapted to the occasion. Thursday and Saturday present nothing peculiar, except additional ceremonies before or after the same celebration; and Friday's service is a modification thereof, peculiarly formed to express the mourning and the graces of that day. The substance, therefore, so to speak, or foundation, upon which every age has placed its contribution, must form the oldest and most venerable portion of the service, and should, in fact, be as old as Christianity itself. And so in truth it is. For the mass, whereunto all the other ceremonial is mainly referred, is nothing else than the performance of the eucharistic rite instituted by our blessed Saviour. It may be considered as consisting of two distinct portions,—one essential and the other accidental. The first consists of such parts as are, and must be, common to all liturgies, and comprises the offertory or oblation, the consecration by the words of Christ, and the communion. These are all to be found substantially the same amongst all those Christians who believe the Eucharist to be a sacrifice, and to contain the real body and blood of Jesus Christ; for they occur in the liturgies of Latins and Greeks, Armenians and Copts, Maronites and Syrians; and, moreover, in those of Jacobites and Nestorians, who have been separated from us since the fifth century. But to this remotest period belong also many ceremonies which, though not essential for the integrity of the liturgy, are clearly traceable to the apostolic time. Such for instance, is the prayer for the departed faithful, which is wanting in no liturgy of the east or west; the commemoration of the apostles and saints; the mingling of water with the wine, the use of lights and incense, which have been severally acknowledged to be derived from the time of the apostles, by Bishops Beveridge and Kaye, by Palmer, and other Protestant writers. Most of the prayers which constitute the present liturgy, are to be found in the rituals of St. Gregory the Great, St. Celestine, Gelasius, and other early popes; and may be supposed, consequently, to be still more ancient.

For three centuries the Christians lived in persecution and concealment. This naturally led to the selection of night, as the fittest time for the celebration of their sacred rites; and caused the greater portion of the Church office to be allotted to that silent hour. We might likewise expect to find whatever ceremonies retain the remembrance of this state, partaking of the symbolical and mystical spirit which such awful assemblies must have inspired. Of this early period, monuments are not wanting in the offices of Holy Week. The very office of Tenebræ is, in truth, no more than the midnight prayer of that early age. It continued to be performed at midnight for many centuries, especially at this time, as appears from a very ancient manuscript of the *Ro-*

man Ordo published by Mabillon,* in which it is prescribed to rise for them at midnight. Many centuries ago, the anticipation of time, now observed, took place; but the name and other terms were kept to record its earlier method of observance. The service itself was called *Tenebræ* (darkness), and *Matins*, or morning office; and each of its three divisions is styled a *Nocturn*, or nightly prayer. Another monument of that early period may be found in the mass of Holy Saturday. Throughout it, the service speaks of the "night;" it is the night in which Israel escaped from Egypt, and which preceded the resurrection of Christ. For the entire service, as I observed in my first discourse, refers to this joyful event, and used to be celebrated at midnight.

The rites connected with these primitive and solemn offices are, as I have intimated, singularly mystical. There have been two classes of writers regarding ceremonies. Some, like Du Vert, have wished to trace them all to some natural cause; others have wished to give them exclusively a symbolical and mysterious signification. It is probable that here, as usually, truth lies between the two extremes; and that, while circumstances suggested the adoption of certain expedients, the faithful ever preferred so to modify them in application, as to make them partake of that deep mysticism which they so much loved. Thus, no doubt, necessity as well as choice compelled them to use lights during those nightly celebrations; but they arranged them so as to give them a striking figurative power. In fact, Amalarius Symphosius (whom Benedict XIV confounds with Amalarius Fortunatus, a writer early in the ninth century), tells us that in his time the church was lighted up with twenty-four candles, which were gradually extinguished, to show how the sun of justice had set; and this, he adds, we do thrice, that is on three succeeding evenings.† This shows the union, even at so late an epoch, between the obvious use of these lights and their mystical application. The present disposition of them on a triangular candlestick, is, however, much older than his time; and has been preserved in a manuscript *Ordo* of the 7th century, published by Mabillon. The connexion between the rite and the hour in which these offices were originally celebrated, may warrant us in considering both of equal antiquity.

The midnight service of Easter-eve, now performed on Saturday morning, gives a similar coincidence, and stronger authority for this connexion. Before the mass, new fire is struck and blessed, and a large candle, known by the name of the paschal-candle, being blessed by a deacon, is therewith lighted. This blessing of fire or light is a very ancient ceremony, originally practised every Saturday, and apparently restricted to Holy Saturday in the eleventh century. In the Roman Church, however, according to Pope Zachary, in 751, this ceremony was practised on Thursday. These observations are but cursorily made. It is the benediction of the candle which is the principal feature of this ceremonial. The beautiful prayer in which the consecration, or blessing, takes place, has been attributed to several ancient fathers: by Martene, with some degree of probability, to the great St. Augustine,* who very likely only expressed better what the prayers before his time declared. It very beautifully joins the two-fold object of the institutions. For, while it prays that this candle may continue burning through the night, to dispel its darkness, it speaks of it as a symbol of the fiery pillar which led the Israelites from Egypt, and of Christ, ever true and never failing light. But the rite itself is much older than that age. Anastasius Bibliothecarius says of Pope Zozimus, in 417, that he allowed to parishes the power of blessing this candle. This, as Gretser remarks, supposes the blessing to have existed before, but to have been confined to basilicas. St. Paulinus speaks of the candle as painted according to the custom yet practised in Rome; and Prudentius mentions its being performed in allusion, as F. Aravalo plausibly conjectures, to the incense which then, as now, was inserted in it. What still more pleads for the antiquity of this rite, is the existence of it in distant Churches. For

* Mus. Ital. tom. ii. 19. † Bib. Pat. tom. xiv.

* Bened. xiv. p. 292.

St. Gregory Nazianzen mentions it, as do other fathers, in magnificent terms.

This year, being the seventh of the pontificate of the present Pope, you will have the opportunity of witnessing another very ancient rite, only performed every seventh year of each reign. This is the blessing of the *Agnus Dei*, waxen cakes stamped with the figure of a lamb. It will take place in the Vatican Palace, on Thursday in Easter Week, and a distribution of them will be made in the Sixtine chapel, on the following Saturday. The origin of this rite seems to have been the very ancient custom of breaking up the paschal candle of the preceding year, and distributing the fragments among the faithful. Durandus, one of the eldest writers on church ceremonies, tells us, that on Saturday in Holy Week, the acolytes of the Roman Church made lambs of new blessed wax, or of that of the old paschal candle, mixed with chrism, which the Pope, on the following Saturday, distributes to the faithful.* He then enters upon their spiritual and mystical signification. Alcuin, our countryman, and disciple of venerable Bede, tells us, that "in the Roman Church, early in the morning of Saturday, the archdeacon comes into the church, and pours wax into a clean vessel, and mixes it with oil, then blesses the wax, moulds it into the form of lambs, puts it by in a clean place." These, he says, "are distributed on the octave of Easter:" and he adds, "the lambs which the Romans make, represent to us the spotless lamb made for us, for Christ should be brought to our memories frequently by all sorts of things."† In the ceremony, as you will witness it, the Pope himself will bless, and mingle with chrism, the figures of the Agnus Dei already prepared.

Another portion of the service, which bears us back to those earliest ages, deserves particular attention, from its being now, like the last, peculiar to Rome. It is well known to all that have ever slightly applied themselves to the study of Church history, that a system of public penance existed of old, whereby such as had scandalously transgressed God's law, were, for a time, excluded from the communion of the faithful, and subjected to a course of rigorous expiation. This penitential system is acknowledged by all to have reached back into times of persecution; for, we have repeated mention of it in Tertullian, the oldest Latin ecclesiastical writer; and we possess entire treatises, or epistles, of the glorious martyr St. Cyprian, regarding it. The Catholic Church has everywhere preserved the ceremony whereby the public penance was enforced, to wit, on Ash-Wednesday: so called, from ashes having been, on that day, placed on the public penitents' heads, as now they are on those of all the faithful, with the very same words, "Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return." The course of penance, thus enjoined, might last many years: but, unless shortened by an indulgence, or brought to a close upon danger of death, or of persecution, the reconciliation of the penitents always took place within Holy Week. St. Jerom tells us, that Maundy-Thursday was the day fixed for this solemn absolution,* and Pope Innocent I confirms this observation. St. Ambrose, however, observes, that the rite sometimes took place on Wednesday, Friday, or some other day in Holy Week.†

A remnant of this ancient custom has been scrupulously preserved here. For, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, the cardinal-penitentiary proceeds in state to the basilicas of Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. Peter: and, seated on a tribunal reserved for that purpose, receives the confession, or other application, of such as may wish to advise with him and obtain spiritual relief, in matters reserved to his jurisdiction.

Another, and a still more interesting usage, of those primitive times, is yet retained in the Roman Church, almost exclusively. In the early ages, baptism was solemnly administered only twice in the year, on the eves of Easter and Pentecost. The adult catechumens were carefully instructed in the Christian faith; although many important dogmas were withheld from their know-

* Rationale Divin. Offic. lib. vi, cap. 69, p. 349.
† De Divinis Offic. *ap.* Ferras. De Cathol. Ecclesiæ Divinis Offic. Varii vetustor. . . . . Libri, Rom. 1591, p. 82. Vide also Amalar. Fortun. ib. p. 110.

* Epist. ad Oceanum.
† Ad Marcell. Soror, Ep. 33.

ledge till after baptism. On Holy Saturday, or Easter eve, they proceeded to the church, under the guidance of the deacons who had prepared them. Twelve lessons from the Old Testament, descriptive of God's providential dealings with man, were then read in Greek and Latin; during which, they received their final instruction in the faith. After this, the baptismal font was blessed with many solemn ceremonies. Thus far the rite is universal, to the extent that circumstances will permit: the lessons are everywhere recited, or sung, and the font is blessed wherever the privilege of having one exists. But in Rome, the ancient usage is imitated to the end. For, solemn baptism is always administered to converts, who are reserved for that occasion, generally Jews, of whom a certain number yearly enter into the Catholic Church. This takes place in the baptistery of Constantine, adjoining the patriarchal basilica of St. John Lateran.

Such are the principal points in the ceremonial of Holy Week, which can be traced with sufficient probability to the oldest period of the Church, when she yet was in an humbled and persecuted state: and they clearly bear the impress of her condition and feelings. The midnight assemblies still commemorated, both in her sacred offices and in the eucharistic celebration, show the state of alarm in which she then existed; and the mystical signification given to institutions, in a manner dictated by necessity, exhibits the depth and nobleness of idea which even then regulated her in her worship. The commemoration of that solemnity wherewith she received repentant sinners back to her peace, is a record of the purity which distinguished all her members, and the zeal for virtue which animated her pastors. In fine, the rare and cautious initiation of her catechumens through the sacrament of baptism, from danger of their betraying the secrets of religion, is commemorated in the lessons, and still more in the actual rite as performed here on Holy Saturday. And thus too, at Rome, there is a consistency in the entire office of Easter, not to be found elsewhere, inasmuch as the liturgy, during the following week, prays most especially for those who have been just born again of water and the Holy Ghost, that they may persevere in the faith; and the Sunday immediately following Easter is still called, everywhere, *Dominica in albis*, "Sunday of the white garments," as on it, the new baptized should lay aside the white robe, put on them, by most ancient usage, on their baptism. And this reminds me of another ceremonial, not quite so ancient, but still reaching to the fifth century. I allude to the custom of the neophites, after baptism, going to visit the tomb of the holy apostles at the Vatican. Ennodius of Pavia mentions this as a custom in his time. "See," he observes, "how the watery chamber (the baptistery) sends forth its white-robed troops to the portable chair of the apostolical confession."

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

Translated from the French.

THE CALENDAR.

THE word *calendar* comes from *calends*, which, in its turn, is derived from the Latin word *calare*, taken by the Romans from a Greek word signifying, to call. This appellation, originally related to the transactions which took place at Rome on the days of calends. The people were called to the capital once every month, to hear proclaimed the first appearance of the new moon, and the date of the nones.

The first day of each month was that of the calends. They were the days appointed for the expiration of payments and the fulfilment of contracts. Hence the name of calendar to signify in general, the distribution which was made of times, seasons, fairs, and days of solemnity. The name has been handed down to us, although calendars are now almost entirely out of use.

The necessity of a calendar had been felt

by all nations; but this was not sufficient to produce it; centuries of observation and much calculation were requisite to succeed in arranging a calendar of any merit. Very few persons are capable of forming a correct estimate of the labor bestowed upon that which we are now using. These remarks are intended to give a slight idea of it.

Rome had its first calendar from Romulus and Numa; but it was replete with inaccuracies. Julius Cæsar rendered it less defective; but he could not improve it sufficiently to preclude the necessity of remodelling it anew. The error which he left standing in the fundamental elements of his calculations, proceeded from a mistake in the computation of the year made by Sosigen whom he had consulted. He had based his calculations on the principle that the sun traversed the ecliptic in three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours; whereas the astronomers of the sixteenth century discovered that this revolution was effected in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes. Sosigen, therefore, made every year too long by eleven minutes, which produced an error of one day in every one hundred and thirty-four years. In consequence of this inaccuracy it happened that from the council of Nice in 325, to the reformation of the calendar, in 1582, ten days too many had crept into the calendar; so that the equinox of spring which in 325 had been fixed on the twenty-first of March, fell on the eleventh in 1582, though the calendar always announced it on the twenty-first.

This difference growing every year more considerable, the seasons would, at length, have been so erroneously indicated by the calendar, that we should sometimes have imagined ourselves still in the spring, when the sun had already run through all the signs of the zodiac. Blondel, who in the last century published an excellent work on the calendar, observes in reference to this subject, "that the prayers which the Church has judiciously allotted to different seasons would have become altogether out of place and even ludicrous; for it would have been a mockery to beg of God to temper the ardor of the scorching sun, at a time when the earth might be covered with snow; or to implore propitious rains for the crops, when the grain had been already gathered into the barns." The error resulting from the disregard of the eleven minutes in the computation of the year, was the principal reason that induced Pope Gregory XIII to reform the calendar. That error, however, was easily rectified by bringing back the equinox of spring to the twenty-first of March, as it had been in the year 325; this was to be done by counting as the twenty-first of the month, that day which the calendar indicated as the eleventh. This suppression of ten days might doubtless have been deferred till March, 1583; but the Pope preferred making it on the fifth of the preceding October; because, between that day and the fifteenth of the month fewer festivals occur than at any other period of the year. But it was not enough to rectify the error once; to prevent its recurrence in future was equally important. It was done in this way. As the precession of the equinoxes was caused by the accumulation of the eleven minutes to which we have alluded, it became annually more sensible, so that in every one hundred and thirty-four years an error of one day was the necessary result. Thus four hundred and two years sufficed to introduce an error of three days, and it was consequently decided that in every four hundred years three days should be suppressed. Of the remaining two years no account was taken, as they could introduce but an error of one day in the course of twenty-six thousand, eight hundred years. Strictly speaking this is a defect in the new calendar; but besides its being a trivial one, nothing would be easier than to remedy it, should the long revolution of years just mentioned ever take place. The necessity of suppressing these three days in every period of four hundred years being acknowledged, we have only to examine when this elimination is to be made. When the calendar was reformed, it was agreed that in every four hundred years the first day of every century, except the fourth, should be cut off.

The year 1700 was the first that underwent this reduction, the year 1800 the second, and 1900 will share the same fate.

From 1582 to 1700 the old calendar was only ten days in arrear of the new; but the suppression of one day made in 1700, has produced in the two calendars, since the commencement of the eighteenth century, a difference of eleven days. This suppression of one day which is to take place in each of the three successive centuries out of four, is termed the *solar equation.* The ancient method of computation, is called *the old style;* that which Pope Gregory XIII introduced, is called *the new style.* Catholic countries adopted it almost immediately after its introduction at Rome; and by degrees it has come into general use among Protestants. Russia still adheres to *the old style,* so that there the year begins eleven days later than with us. But to make the Russian dates correspond with those of other nations, they are written in the following manner. For instance, the date of an event which took place in Russia on what we call the eleventh of March, would be designated thus, the $\frac{22}{11}$ March, and to denote the 21st of December, 1774, we should write the $\frac{\text{1st January, 1775.}}{\text{21st December, 1774.}}$

Shortly after the use of the ordinary figures had become general in Europe, they were used to mark the days of the month. Prior to this the Roman custom had been universally followed, which divided each month into three principal periods, those of the *calends,* the *nones,* and the *ides.* The *calends* signified the first day of the month, the *nones* fell on the fifth or the seventh, and the *ides* eight days after the nones, which brought them consequently to the thirteenth or the fifteenth. There were but four months in the year in which the nones fell upon the seventh, and the ides upon the fifteenth; these were March, May, July and October. The day of the nones was thus always the ninth before the ides, which appears to have been the reason of their being called *nones.* The term *ides* is thought to be derived from the Etruscan word *iduare,* signifying to *divide,* on account of the ides' dividing each month into two nearly equal parts. With these three periods, the Romans could designate by a specific name only three days. To specify the intervening days, they referred them to the nearest period following. For instance, the day after the calends, or the second of the month was called the sixth before the nones, if reference were made to any of the four months in which the nones fell upon the seventh; the same day was called the fourth before the nones, in the other eight months. In the first instance they wrote it *sexto ante nonas,* or by way of abbreviation, *VI nonas;* in the second, *IV nonas.* In the same way the third of the month was termed either the fifth or the third before the nones, and so on. The eve of the nones they designated as *pridiè nonas,* and the day itself *nonæ.* The days after the nones were determined by their relation with the ides, and were expressed thus: *VIII idus, VII idus,* &c. *pridiè idus.* The thirteenth or the fifteenth was *idus,* the ides, and the day after the ides was the seventeenth before the calends of the following month, when the ides had fallen on the fifteenth; for instance, to designate the 16th of March, they wrote *XVII calendas Aprilis;* for the seventeenth, *XVI calendas* and so on to the last day of the month, which was *pridiè calendas.* This ancient mode of marking the days is still preserved in the Roman Dataria. The same method of designating the days of the month, gave rise to the denomination of bissextile years. Sosigen having asserted that the sun required three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours to perform its revolution, Julius Cæsar determined that every three successive years should have three hundred and sixty-five days, and the fourth three hundred and sixty-six. This additional day was produced by the six hours which had been disregarded in the computation of preceding years. Hence every fourth year had three hundred and sixty-six days, and was called the *bissextile* year, from the intercalation of the three hundred and sixty-sixth day, which took place immediately after the 24th of February, the day called by the Romans *sexto calendas Martias.* The day which they interposed was considered as a duplicate of this and was called *bis sexto calendas Martias;* whence proceeded the custom of terming bissextile, every year in which this intercalation was made.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

From the London True Tablet.

Prospects of Catholicism in Spain.—In the *True Tablet* of the twenty-third of July, insertion was given to a letter from "A Spaniard," wherein mention was made of an important work on Catholicism, the production of a Spanish priest (the Rev. J. Balmes). A rather lengthy translation of the opening chapter was also inserted in the same number of our journal; the title of the work is "*El Protestantismo Comparado con el Catolicismo en sus Relaciones con la Civilizacion Europea*" (Barcelona, 1842); or, "Protestantism compared with Catholicism in their Relations with European Civilization." The twelfth chapter, which is principally devoted to an examination of the effects that Protestantism would produce in Spain, is here subjoined, in translation, in an abridged form.

The reverend author, after drawing a forcible picture of the general restlessness pervading society, and of the confused state of religious ideas, asks:

"What will be able to rule over such opposite, such potent elements? What can re-establish a calm in so stormy an ocean? What will be powerful enough to unite and consolidate the whole, so as to make it capable of resisting the action of time? Will it be Protestantism, which, naturally enough, continues diffusing and accrediting the dissolving principle of private judgment in religious matters, and realizing that idea by scattering on all sides, and amongst all classes of society, abundant copies of the Bible?"

The writer, after some further remarks, continues as follows:—

"It may be easily conceived that Protestantism, having in itself a tendency to despotism, can produce nothing for the happiness of mankind in a moral or religious sense; for felicity cannot exist when the understanding is in a perpetual state of war with respect to the loftiest and most important question which could be presented to the human mind.

"When, amidst this dark chaos, wherein are wandering so many different and powerful elements, all of which are opposing, pulverizing, and confounding each other, the observer seeks for a luminous point whence a ray may emanate to enlighten the world, and a potent idea to enchain so much anarchy and to hold sway over men's understandings, he soon regards Catholicism as the only source of real good. When he sees with what brilliancy and vigor she still maintains herself in spite of the immense efforts made every day to annihilate her,—his heart becomes full of consolation and renascent hope, and he joyfully hails that divine religion, congratulating it on the new triumph which awaits it upon earth.

"Time was, when Europe, overrun by a host of barbarians, beheld all her monuments of former civilization and culture crumbling at once into dust—her legislatures, with their statutes, her rulers with their splendor and their might, her sages with their sciences, her arts with their illustrations — all submerged in one common ruin; and those immense regions wherein all that cultivation was flourishing, which the people had acquired during the lapse of ages, found themselves plunged at once into ignorance and barbarism. But the brilliant spark of light, which had been reflected on the world from Palestine, continued shining even in the midst of chaos. All in vain did the dense mists arise and threaten to extinguish it in utter darkness; nourished by the breath of the Eternal, it retained its resplendence; ages swept by, and still it continued extending its glorious orbits, until the nations who had at first merely regarded it as a guide amidst the stumbling blocks of obscurity, beheld it at last bursting forth to full view like a resplendent sun, scattering light and life over an enamored globe.

"And who knows whether, in the mystic designs of Providence, there is not reserved for it another triumph, one more difficult even, and not less salutary and glorious? By enlightening ignorance, civilizing barbarism, polishing rudeness, softening ferocity, it preserved society from being made the victim — perhaps for ever—of the most atrocious brutality, and the most degrading stupidity. But how much more glorious will be its career—if, rectifying ideas, centralizing and purifying sentiments, confirming the eternal principles of society, subduing passions, soothing animosities, confining excesses, and ruling over the understanding and the will—it erects itself into a universal regulator, stimulating every species of knowledge and advancement, and inspiring due moderation into society, which, agitated by so many furious ele-

ments, and deprived of its central point of attraction, is perpetually threatened with dissolution and death.

"Nevertheless there is one highly consoling fact—the wonderful progress of Catholicism in various countries. In France and Belgium it is recovering strength; in the north of Europe it is evidently feared—seeing the way in which it is combated; in England its progress during the last half century would be almost incredible, were it not attested by undoubted facts; and in its missions Catholicism displays so much energy and so many resources, that it recalls the time of its greatest ascendancy and power. But, when other nations are tending to unity, shall we be foolish enough to verge to schism? When the rest of the world is rejoiced to find in existence still a vital principle, which can restore that strength which incredulity took away, shall Spain admit into her bosom the seed of death, which will render her recovery impossible, and assuredly complete her ruin? Is it possible that in the moral regeneration aspired to by those nations which are yearning to be released from the narrow position wherein irreligion placed them,—is it possible that no attention shall be bestowed on the immense advantages which Spain possesses over other countries, by being the least tainted with the gangrene of impiety, and by having preserved that religious unity which was handed down to her as an invaluable inheritance for a long series of ages? Can it be that the advantages which that unity is capable of producing, if improved as they deserve to be, are to remain unappreciated,—that unity which is entwined with all our glories, which awakens so many beautiful reminiscences, and which can so admirably serve as an element of social regeneration. If I am asked for my opinion respecting the proximity of the danger, and the probable success of the efforts now made by Protestants, I shall give a qualified answer:—Protestantism is essentially feeble, as well in its own nature as by being old and decrepit; should it be introduced into Spain, it will have to struggle with an adversary full of life and vigor, and one too firmly rooted in the country; for those reasons, and under that point of view, its influence cannot be formidable; but who can prevent it from causing terrible results, once it is established in our soil, however limited may be its dominion?

"It will be evident that another apple of discord will be thrown amongst us, and that it will be difficult to anticipate all the collisions which will take place at each step. As Protestantism, on account of its intrinsic weakness, will be forced to seek support from all who will lend a helping hand, it is quite clear that it will serve as a rallying point for all discontented individuals, and as a nucleus of new factions and plots. The immediate, the infallible results of the introduction of Protestantism amongst us will be scandal, rancor, demoralization, commotion, and perhaps catastrophes. I appeal to the good faith of every man who is even slightly acquainted with the Spanish nation, if I am not right in my assertion. But that is not all. The question enlarges itself, and acquires an incalculable importance, when considered in its relations with foreign policy. What a lever Protestantism will become for raising all kinds of disturbances in our unfortunate country! With what avidity will it be grasped, and how anxiously will a purchase be sought for it! There is in Europe a nation which is formidable by its immense power, distinguished by its great progress in the arts and sciences, and which, holding in its hand the means of carrying on its operations in every part of the globe, knows how to employ them with truly admirable sagacity. Having been the first among modern nations to pass through the different phases of a religious and political revolution, and having, in the midst of terrible commotions, contemplated the passions in all their nakedness and crime, and under all its forms, it surpasses to such an extent other countries in the knowledge of resources, that it keeps its sensibilities sufficiently under check to allow those movements to be quietly excited in its breast which are followed in other nations by blood and tears. Its inward peace is not disturbed amidst the excitement and effervescence of debate; and, although it cannot fail to perceive the difficult situations, more or less remote, which will excite trouble and affliction, it enjoys, in the meantime, that state of calmness which is secured to it by its constitution, its habits, its riches, and, above all, by the ocean which begirts it. Thus advantageously situated it watches the progress of other nations, in order to chain them with golden bonds to its chariot, if they are simple enough to listen to her beguiling words; at all events, it endeavors to check their progress whenever they have independence enough to seek to emancipate themselves from her influence. It is ever seeking aggrandizement by means of arts and commerce, and with an essentially mercantile policy, cloaks its material interests under every species of disguise. Although when treating with other people it is altogether indifferent to religion and political ideas, nevertheless it dexterously avails itself of such powerful arms to

procure friends, foil enemies, and entice them all alike into that commercial web which it keeps continually spread over the four corners of the world. It would be impossible for it not to perceive the progress it would make towards rendering Spain one of its colonies, if it could only succeed in making the people of that country fraternize with itself in religious ideas; not so much on account of the good will which such fraternization would promote between the two people, as of the assurance it gives that Spaniards would lose those peculiar and austere characteristics which distinguish them from other people; and that, forgetting the only national and regenerating ideas which had remained in force during so many frightful reverses, they would become susceptible of all kinds of strange impressions, and be influenced by all those opinions which the interested views of a deceitful protector might deem suitable and desirable.

"It was in the autumn of 1805, whilst Pitt was giving a dinner in the country to his friends that a despatch arrived announcing the surrender of Muck, in Ulm, with forty thousand men, and the march of Napoleon in Vienna. Pitt communicated the fatal news to his friends, who exclaimed, 'All is now lost; we can do nothing against Napoleon.' 'Yes we can,' replied Pitt, 'a national war against him must be raised in Europe, and that war must commence in Spain. Yes, gentlemen,' he added, 'Spain will be the first nation where that patriotic war will be enkindled which can alone deliver Europe.' Such was the importance which the above named profound statesman attributed to the power of a national war, and such was the extent of hope it afforded him.

"It is not impossible that, amidst the changes operating in their unfortunate country, the foolish attempt to introduce Protestantism will be made therein by some short-sighted individuals. We have been too much alarmed to rest quietly, and we have not forgotten certain events which clearly indicate the height to which the audacity of certain men would have attained, had it not been checked by the imposing dissent of the immense majority of the nation. It is not easy to imagine that the violences of the reign of Henry VIII will be repeated here; nevertheless, if—advantage being taken of a violent rupture with the holy see, of the obstinacy and ambition of a few ecclesiastics, and of the pretext of rendering a spirit of toleration indigenous to our soil—the attempt to introduce Protestant doctrines among us be made, those violences may be anticipated.

"And assuredly we need not that toleration be imported here from any foreign nation; already does it exist, and so amply, that no one fears being persecuted, or even molested, on account of his religious opinions; but it is a new system of religion that is sought to be imported and planted here; a system which would take advantage of all means to obtain a predominance, as well as to weaken, and, if possible, annihilate Catholicism. I am much deceived if, in the blindness and malice of certain individuals who call themselves statesmen, the new system, once admitted amongst us, would not be protected by them. When it is first proposed to introduce the novelty, it will assume a modest guise, demanding only a habitation in the name of toleration and hospitality. It will, however, be soon seen increasing in audacity, claiming rights, extending its pretensions, and openly disputing the ground with Catholicism. Then will resound more vigorously than ever those rancorous and virulent denunciations which have wearied us for some time; those echoes of a raving, because expiring, school. The indifference with which the people will regard the pretended reformation will, in all probability, be deemed rebellious; the bishops' pastorals qualified as insidious suggestions; the fervent zeal of the Catholic priests, termed a seditious provocative; and the determination of the Catholics to preserve themselves from the infection, called a diabolical conspiracy hatched by intolerance and party spirit, and worked out by ignorance and fanaticism.

"In the midst of the efforts of some, and the resistance of others, bygone scenes will be more or less parodied; and although the spirit of moderation, which is one of the characteristics of the times, would prevent the repetition of those excesses which stain with blood the annals of other nations, it could not hinder the imitation thereof. For it is necessary to bear in mind that in religious matters in Spain, that coolness and indifference cannot be maintained, which, in case of a conflict, may be preserved in other countries at present, where religious sentiment has lost much of its force, whilst in Spain it is still both profound and energetic. The day on which the combat is to take place will be one of general as well as of melancholy commotion. Up to the present time, although lamentable scandals and even horrible catastrophes have been the results of intermeddling with religious matters, there are not wanting more or less transparent disguises to cover perverse intentions. At one time the attack has been directed against this or that person accused of political machinations; at another,

against certain classes of men charged with imaginary crimes; occasionally, revolutionary principles have overflowed all bounds, and then it has been said that it was impossible to restrain them, and that all the desecration and mockery of sacred objects which followed were the inevitable consequences of popular frenzy. So far, a veil has been always at hand to disguise matters. But when Catholicism is attacked premeditatedly in all its dogmas, despised in its principal points of discipline, ridiculed in its most august mysteries and in its most sacred ceremonies; when one temple will be erected against the other, and pulpit against pulpit—what will be the result? The minds of the people will be undoubtedly exasperated to the extreme, and even if no rightful explosion ensue after all, as is to be feared, the religious controversy at all events will be of so violent a character, that it will forcibly bring back to our memories the sixteenth century with all its enormities.

"The result of the want of harmony is, that in Spain the government exercises a very limited influence over the people—by influence, being understood that moral ascendancy which needs not the accompaniment of force. Much may be expected from the good sense of the Spanish nation, and from its proverbial gravity, increased by so many misfortunes; much also may be hoped from that circumspection which makes it distinguish so well the true road to its felicity, and which renders it deaf to the insidious measures adopted to mislead it. If, for many years past, through a fatal combination of circumstances and the want of harmony in the political and social order, no government has arisen which is the true interpretation of the instinct and tendencies of the Spanish people, and which is calculated to lead it into the right path of prosperity, let us nourish the hope that that day will yet arrive, and that the harmony which is now wanting, and the equilibrium which has been lost, will yet arise out of the bosom of that community which is so rich in vitality and promise. In the meantime it is highly important that all those who have Spanish hearts beating in their bosoms, and who are not content to see the very entrails of their country torn away, should unitedly endeavor to prevent the genius of evil from scattering in our soil the seed of eternal discord, thus adding another calamity to the calamities already inflicted on us, and thus stifling those precious germs from which our renascent civilization is to spring up more glorious and beautiful than ever, raising itself from that dejection and prostration wherein unfortunate circumstances have long detained it.

How replete with heavy grief is the very thought that the day may yet come when that religious unity is to disappear from amongst us, which is identified with our habits, our usages, our customs, and our laws—that unity which watched over the cradle of our monarchy in the cavern of Cavadonga,* which was the motto of our standard during a struggle of eight centuries with the formidable power of the Crescent, which vigorously restored our civilization in the midst of commotions, which accompanied our terrible battalions when they imposed silence on all Europe, which conducted our mariners to the discovery of new worlds and to the first circumnavigation of the globe, and which, in more recent times, put the seal upon so many great exploits by overthrowing Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Do ye, who with such precipitate rashness condemn the work of ages, who with so much hardihood contemn the Spanish nation, and who blacken with barbarism and obscurantism the principle which presided over our civilization—do ye know whom ye are insulting? Do ye know whence flowed the genius of the great Gonzalo, of Hernan Cortes, of Pizarro, of the conqueror of Lepanto? Do the shades of Garcilaso, of Herrera, Ercilla, Luis de Leon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, excite no respect within you? Will ye dare then to burst the bond which unites us to them, and make us the unworthy descendants of such illustrious characters? Do ye seek to separate our belief from their belief, our customs from their customs, thus severing all our traditions, obliterating all our glorious records, and only leaving amongst us great and august monuments which the devotion of our ancestors transmitted to us, and which will stand as the severest and most eloquent censurers of your conduct? Are ye desirous that those rich sources should be dried up, whence we may derive the means of resuscitating literature, strengthening science, reorganizing legislation, re-establishing the spirit of nationality, restoring our glory, and of replacing this unfortunate nation in the high position which its virtues merit, giving to it that happiness and that prosperity for which it is so laboriously struggling, and which it already augurs in its heart?"

India.—Madras.—*Statistics.—St. Thomas' Mount.—Catholic Mission.*—St. Patrick's church, at St. Thomas' Mount, was built in 1841, by the Right Rev. Dr. Carew, then Vicar Apostolic

* It was at Cavadonga that the partizans of Pelagio secretly assembled to adopt measures against the Moors.

of Madras and Meliapore. As this church was built principally for the use of the European military at that station, the Government contributed to its erection the sum of three thousand rupees; the whole expense of the building was eight thousand rupees. The ground upon which it stands had previously cost the mission twelve hundred rupees. The Catholic congregation belonging to this church numbers eleven hundred and twenty-eight souls, of whom seven hundred and seventy-seven are natives; the rest are East Indians and Europeans, of whom one hundred and nineteen belong to the efficient artillerymen. This congregation is confined to a very narrow district, scarcely exceeding five square miles; it extends two miles to the south, as far as the four bazars on the way to Palavaram; it extends also two miles to the east, as far as Little Mount; but on the north it only extends a quarter of a mile, and the same distance to the west. Within these narrow limits there is a population of sixty-four thousand seven hundred and eighteen souls, of whom forty-nine thousand three hundred and sixty are Pagans, thirteen thousand five hundred and eighteen Mahomedans, eleven hundred and twenty-eight Catholics, four hundred and ninety-four Protestants, and two hundred and eighteen Schismatics. The Schismatics are all natives, including but few of the Tamil community; the Protestants consist principally, of artillerymen with their wives and children; ninety-three are native pariahs, of whom twenty-two have already made so great a progress in Protestantism, that they profess the principles of the Unitarians. In the Chucklers' village, about a quarter of a mile to the north of St. Patrick's church, is the oratory of the Immaculate Conception, built by some native headmen in 1796. The native Christians of the village assemble here to join in prayer morning and evening; and they celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception for nine days on each recurring anniversary. In this same village there is another oratory dedicated to the B. V. Mary (Queen of Heaven) built by some native Catholic headmen about fifty years ago; it is at present in the hands of Schismatics. The church Expectatio Partus, on the top of the Mount, is also in possession of a Schismatic priest; it was built about two hundred years ago. The Protestant church at this station cost the Government forty-five thousand rupees. The Protestant chaplain is the Rev. W. T. Blenkinsop, who, between palanquein allowances, sacramental allowances, establishment and chaplaincy, is in the annual receipt of nine thousand six hundred and twenty-five Company's rupees. After eighteen years' service (including three years' furlough) he may retire on the pay of lieutenant-colonel, three hundred and sixty-five pounds sterling per annum. The same regulation applies to all Protestant chaplains who received their appointments before 31st August, 1836. In case of bad health they may retire, after ten years' actual service, on the half-pay of lieutenant-colonel, or two hundred pounds fifteen shillings sterling per annum; and after seven years' actual service they may retire on one hundred and seventy-three pounds seven shillings and sixpence sterling, a year, or the half-pay of major. There are thirteen schools in the district, viz: four Catholic, one Schismatic, and eight Protestant. The Catholic soldiers, by their voluntary contributions, support a male and a female English free school, in which seventy-two children receive instruction, viz: forty-eight males and twenty-four females. In the female school there are but three native children; in the male school there are twenty, of whom eight are Pagans. The Vicar Apostolic supports two Tamil schools, one at Lascar village, the other at St. Patrick's church. In these forty-six native children are instructed, of whom nine are Pagans. The Schismatic school is supported by Don Antonio; the pupils are fifteen in number, five Pagans and ten Schismatics. The two regimental schools, male and female, are supported by government, and are conducted on proselytising principles. The male school has three European Protestant masters, and ninety-nine pupils, of whom forty-eight are Pagans; the rest are East Indians or European Protestants. The female regimental free school has sixty pupils under the care of one European schoolmistress. No natives attend. The Wesleyan Tamil free school has one native master and fifteen scholars, viz: nine Pagans and six Schismatics. No professed Wesleyan; but all are marched regularly on Sundays and Wednesdays to the Wesleyan church. The Unitarian Tamil free school has one native master and six pupils, viz: three professed Unitarians and three Pagans. Mrs. Cook's Tamil free school has sixteen scholars, viz: five Protestants and eleven Pagans, under one native master. Mrs. Gordon's two English schools are supported by contributions; sixty-six children are brought up to several trades; they are well fed and well clad; their labor of course contributes to defray the expenses of the establishment. This is the only school in which the females are as numerous as the males: fifty-nine out of sixty-six are Pagans, and are regularly marched to the Protestant church on Sundays and to the Wesleyan church on Wednesdays. There is another free school, said to

be supported by a Protestant clergyman, which has twenty-five scholars, under the care of an East Indian master. In this school there are six East Indians, viz: three Catholics and three Protestants; the rest are natives, seventeen Pagans and two Catholics. Thus in the Catholic schools one hundred and eighteen children receive instruction, viz: seventeen Pagans and one hundred and one Catholics, of whom fifty-two are natives. In the other nine schools, which are supported by Protestants and Schismatics, three hundred and two children are instructed, viz: one hundred and fifty-two Pagans, sixteen Schismatics, five nominal Catholics, and one hundred and twenty-nine Protestants, including three professed Unitarians. From the year 1837, when Dr. O'Connor first opened this little mission, up to the present time, one hundred and five converts have been gained to the Catholic faith, viz: thirty-seven Protestants and sixty-eight Pagans. The Rev. C. Murphy receives fifty rupees a month from Government for attending the Catholic soldiers at this station.—*Madras Catholic Expositor for June.*

Algiers.—The inauguration of the relics of St. Augustine, in a chapel built on the ruins of the ancient Hippo, took place on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of last October, in the presence of an immense crowd of persons.—*True Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—The 14th of last December was observed throughout the state of Maryland as a day of thanksgiving, and divine service was performed in the churches generally. In the Cathedral of Baltimore, the Rev. James Ryder, president of Georgetown College, delivered a brilliant and eloquent discourse in behalf of St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, and a collection was taken, amounting to upwards of three hundred dollars. The congregation of the Cathedral were favored with several other discourses from this talented gentleman during his stay in the city, and we learn that his lectures have produced the most salutary impression. We cannot but express the fond inquiry, *quando reverteris?*

Diocess of Boston.—The statistics of this diocess having been received too late for insertion in the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, we publish them for the satisfaction of all who desire to be correctly informed.

CHURCHES AND CLERGY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Cathedral of the Holy Cross,—Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, D. D.; Very Rev. Wm. Tyler; Rev. Richard Hardy; Rev. George Goodwin.—Chapel of the Holy Cross,—Rev. A. Williamson.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Flood and Rev. J. B. McMahon.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. Thomas Lynch.—St. Augustine's,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons.—Holy Trinity,—Rev. Francis Roloff.

East Cambridge.—St. John's,—Rev. John Fitzpatrick.

Charlestown.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Byrne.

Salem.—St. Mary's,—Rev. Thos. J. O'Flaherty, who visits also *Lynn, Gloucester,* and *Ipswich.*

Quincy.—St. Mary's,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons.

Waltham.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. P. Fitzsimmons, who also visits *Canton, Randolph,* and *Nantucket.*

New Bedford.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. James O'Reilly.

Taunton.—St. Mary's,—Rev. John O'Beirne.

Lowell.—St. Peter's,—Rev. James Conway.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. James McDermott.

Fall River.—St. John Baptist's,—Rev. Edward Murphy.

Worcester.—Christ Church,—Rev. Jas. Fitton.

Sandwich.—St. Peter's,—Rev. James Strain.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—SS. Peter and Paul's,—Rev. John Corry.—St. Patrick's,—Rev. Wm. Wiley.

Pawtucket.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. Wm. Ivers, who also attends *Woonsocket.*

Newport.—St. Joseph's,—Rev. J. O'Reilly.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford.—Trinity church,—Rev. Jno. D. Brady.

Cabbotsville.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. John D. Brady.

Middletown.—Vacant, served from Hartford.

New Haven.—Christ church,—Rev. Jas. Smyth.

Bridgeport.—St. James, Ap's,—Vacant, served from New Haven.

New London, Northampton, Norwich, and *Saxonville,* served from Worcester.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Claremont.—Church not dedicated.

Bellow's Falls.—Visited occasionally.

Dover.—St. Aloysius',—Rev. Patrick Canavan.

Portsmouth and *Newburyport,* served from Dover.

VERMONT.

Burlington.—St. Peter's,—Rev. J. O'Callaghan.

St. Alban's and *Montpelier,* served from Burlington.

Middleburg.—Church not dedicated,—Vacant.

Castleton.—Church not dedicated,—Vacant.

Pittsford, Bennington, Manchester, Berkshire, and *Sheldon,* served from Burlington.

MAINE.

Portland.—St. Dominick's,—Rev. P. O'Beirne.

Whitefield.—St. Dennis',—Rev. D. Ryan.

Augusta.—Church not dedicated.

New Castle.—St. Patrick's,—Vacant.

Gardiner.—Served from Whitefield.

Bangor.—St. Michael's,—Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan.

Old Town.—St. Ann's,—Served from Bangor.

Eastport.—St. Joseph's,—Rev. John B. Daly.

Pleasant Point.—St. Ann's,—Rev. M. Desmilliers.

Benedicta.—Church not dedicated,—Rev. Manasses Dougherty.

Institutions.—There is *no convent* in the diocess. At Boston there is a female orphan asylum—and there are various schools in the different cities and towns.

Diocess of New York.—*Death of Bishop Dubois.*—In the dispensations of Divine Providence, it has become this week our melancholy duty to announce the death of the Rt. Rev. John Dubois, third bishop of New York. He departed this life at nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 20th of December, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Bishop Dubois was born in Paris on the 24th of August, 1764. Even from the earliest years he was remarkable for those qualities which adorned his after career; perseverance, energy, firmness, and devotion. In September, 1787, being then in the twenty-third year of his age, he was ordained priest. He continued to officiate until the outbreak of the French revolution, when, like many others of his brethren in the priesthood, he was forced to seek abroad that safety for life, and that security to perform the duties of his vocation, denied to him at home by the violence of wicked men. But, unlike most of his brethren, instead of retiring to Great Britain and other adjacent countries, he emigrated to the United States, and arrived at Richmond, Virginia, in July, 1791. A stranger and an emigrant priest, he was received with the greatest kindness by the illustrious men of the time, the Washingtons, the Marshalls, the Henrys, the Randolphs, to whom he had come, recommended by letters from their friend and fellow soldier in the war of American independence, General Lafayette. During two years he continued among them, improving himself in English, and at the same time giving lessons in French in some of those distinguished families, whilst he administered the consolations of religion to the Catholics of the vicinity. In 1794, the venerable Archbishop Carroll appointed him pastor of a congregation in Frederick, Maryland. In 1808, he founded Mount St. Mary's College, now one of the most popular and prosperous literary institutions in the country. In the same year he was charged with the superintendence of a community of religious ladies, at St. Joseph's,* who had taken the resolution to consecrate themselves to the service of God, and of the poor for God's sake. They were but three or four, having the late amiable and saintly Mrs. Seton, of this city, for their mother superior. This mustard seed, Bishop Dubois was appointed to plant and protect, and like his college, he lived to see it become a tree extending its branches to every part of the country—for who has heard of orphans, and not heard of the "Sisters of Charity."

In 1826, Dr. Dubois was appointed bishop of New York, and consecrated on the 29th of October of that year—and died consequently in the sixteenth year of his episcopacy, and the fifty-fifth of his priesthood.

He was a faithful and laborious missionary—walking in devotion to his sacred ministry, and his God—and carrying with him as he passed from youth to old age, through a long and spotless life, the esteem and veneration of all who knew him. His death was like his life—a beautiful and profound lesson of edification to those who had the melancholy consolation of witnessing it.

After solemn funeral service in the Cathedral, on yesterday, his remains were interred in the vault in front of the church.—*N. Y. Freem. Jour.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Ordination.*—On Saturday last, tonsure and minor orders were conferred by the bishop on Hugh Lane, Michael Mitchell, Hugh Fitzsimmons, John R. Klenidam, John Flanagan, Wm. Jennings, and Hugh Brady; and subdeaconship on Isaac P. Howell, Philip Farrell, John Macken, and Dominic Forestill, all students of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.—*Catholic Herald.*

The Protestant Association.—Mr. Editor,—By a sort of proclamation published in several of the city daily papers, it appears that a mighty *effort* is to be made to annihilate the Catholic religion—if possible—before the annihilation of the world, even if that were to be consummated according to the prophetic rodomontade of the *soi disant Reverend Doctor* Deist Farmer Miller.

An Association of *Ministers!* (whose vocation should be to preach peace and good will to men), whose avowed object is, to preach discord—to "denounce" and "decry" their neighbors for the exercise of their religion:—a combination of any or every denomination is projected, for the purpose of *uniting* in phalanx, to put forth its energies to *stay* the wonderful increase of "Popery."

The following extract is copied from the *Chronicle:*

* This was in 1809.

"One of the objects of the Association is, to denounce "Popery and Popish Churches"—to have Auxiliary Associations in every town, village and city in the United States—to issue tracts favoring the Protestant faith, and decrying the Roman Church," &c.

Another *object* of this Association—said to be proclaimed by some of these *Reverend* defamers—is, to use its influence to prevent the employment of Catholic servants, &c.

Who would believe that such sentiments could emanate from men who *profess* the Christian name—who pretend to preach and inculcate Christian charity!—religious freedom—rights of conscience—and who are ever talking of civil and religious liberty! Arrant hypocrites! Why do they hold prayer meetings, or monthly concerts of prayer, and levy contributions to send missionaries to distribute the Bible among Hindoos, Indians, &c. to teach *them* Christian charity and benevolence; whilst they themselves openly exhibit their cold-hearted uncharitableness, by laying a plan to subvert their fellow-beings at home, not only of the first principles of religious liberty, but of morality and common honesty! To deprive them of the opportunity of earning a livelihood, is not only to *lead* them, but to *force* them into temptation to be dishonest.

This is a free country, whose constitutional principles invite the oppressed of every country to participate in the enjoyment of that toleration to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, unmolested, which is denied him in his own. But so, say these *Reverend* conspirators, the American constitution must be compromised; it will not do to allow Catholics to have liberty of conscience—they must be overpowered in time, or else, if they continue to increase they will soon exceed all denominations of Protestants put together. Therefore we, the members of this Association, will agree to unite as *one man* to dissuade every Protestant from giving employment to any Catholic servant—that is to say, we will omit no effort to *starve them out of their religion*—thus they will be compelled to become Protestants, and this is the only method of diminishing this increasing evil.

Indeed!—As well might they include in their "*objects*," a resolution to control the elements. The progress of the Catholic religion is not likely to be impeded, but impelled, by "*denouncing*," "*decrying*" or *caricaturing* it.

Is it possible that these self-sent apostles have the smallest hope of gulling their hearers by such proceedings? Doubtless a *few* of them have—it is the most profitable business they can pursue; it enables them to raise excitements, to procure purchasers for their humbug speculating publications, caricaturing Catholics and their religion; but that the majority of those whose names disgrace this conspiracy, can lend their aid to such an unworthy, nay, nefarious design, is too preposterous to credit. Several of them are engaged in the publication of vile fabrications, which are not unlikely to prove rather unprofitable, except something is done to arouse the sensibilities of their pie-bald brethren in every "town, village, and city in the United States." Hence the *importance* of the "National Protestant Association."—*Cath. Herald.*

Diocess of Richmond.—We invite particular attention to the following letter and communication which we received from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, and which we were reluctantly compelled to omit in our last number.

Richmond, *Nov.* 27, 1842.

Mr. Editor—You may, perhaps, advance the interests of our little institution, by noticing it in your next. We shall open on Thursday next. The only novelty in our plan is the proposed separation, &c., for such as may express a desire to prepare for the sacred ministry. I have already three of these. In this respect, it may find favor with, and meet encouragement from even our northern Catholics.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

✝ Richard Vincent,
Bishop of Richmond.

St. Vincent's College, near Richmond.—This institution is pleasantly located about a mile from Richmond, in a situation well adapted to quiet study, and healthy exercise. It is intended to impart to the southern student, upon the most moderate terms, the advantages of a *complete* literary and moral education. Mathematics with other useful and practical sciences, together with ancient and modern languages, will enter into the course of instruction; but every endeavor shall be made to fit each pupil for his peculiar destination in life. All unnecessary severity will be avoided in the management of the students; but strict discipline will be enforced by the judicious punishment of the refractory. The recreations are always taken under the eyes of the professors, and within the college limits. Money is not permitted to remain in the custody of the students, and it is recommended that not more than twelve and a half cents be allowed weekly for pocket-money. Visits will not be made by the pupils, except to their nearest relatives, and then only at the discretion of the principal, and never to spend a night out of the house. Such as live beyond the immediate vicinity of the college are not permitted to visit home except

at the annual vacation, which will commence on the 1st of July, and terminate on the 15th of August.

All letters either written or received by students, excepting their correspondence with parents, will be subject to inspection; and all letters whether addressed to students or the directors of the institution, must be post-paid. While the Catholic religion alone is professed in the college, there is no violence offered to conscience. No exemption however is granted from attendance at all the public exercises; inasmuch as, apart from considerations of order and uniformity, it is desirable that the community should be able to appreciate from observation the principles and practices of Catholics, which at times seem to occupy an important place in public attention.

The amount requisite for the purchase of books, clothing, &c., must always be advanced when the child is entered, and at each presentation of the semi-annual account. The charges for tuition, boarding and lodging, washing and mending linen and stockings, and doctor's attendance in ordinary cases, during the scholastic year of ten and a half months, are but one hundred and fifty dollars. Of this amount half is always required to be paid in advance at entrance, and at the commencement of every second quarter thereafter, a regulation to which the very moderate charges will allow no exception to be made. They who pass the vacation at college, will be charged twenty dollars for board, &c., during that time.

There are no extra charges except for protracted illness, and for articles furnished the pupils. But it is to be observed that no one will be allowed to enter for less than half a session, and that no deduction will at any time be made for a quarter commenced.

The comfort and safety from all danger of contamination of such youths as may desire to prepare themselves for the ecclesiastical state has been particularly consulted, by providing for them separate grounds for recreation, and establishing special exercises of piety for their benefit.

Application to be made to

Bishop Whelan, or
Rev. T. O'Brien.

Diocess of Louisville.—We gave intimation several weeks since, of the design entertained by our venerable bishop, of founding, in this city, a house of refuge for those unhappy females who might be disposed to rise from their condition of degradation and infamy, were the way open before them. In our last number we announced the arrival of five religious ladies who have left France, at the invitation of the bishop, in order to devote themselves to this work of charity. The following will give our readers some idea of the institution:

An Asylum for Penitent Females, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd.—The title of "*Good Shepherd*" has been assumed by this society of religious ladies, in order to designate the office of charity to which their lives are devoted, that of seeking the lost and unfortunate. The charitable orders, which are numerous, generally take a name expressive of the object for which they are instituted. To take care of the sick, to instruct the children of the poor, to rescue the penitent female from infamy and crime, have ever been regarded as among the most laudable and noble achievements of Christian charity.

The order of the Good Shepherd was established at Caen, in Normandy, in the year 1651. In common with the other institutions of religion, it suffered from the French revolution: its charitable associates were dispersed; its houses of refuge were destroyed; and the penitent females who had there sought to recover the virtue which they had lost, were once more turned out upon the world to be again exposed to the seductions of vice and immorality.

In the year 1829, this society, devoted as it is to the best interests of humanity, was restored, and it recommenced its sacred office of seeking (as its name of the Good Shepherd imports) the lost, the abandoned, but repentant females. Since that period it has increased and flourished. Ten houses have been established in France, of which the principal one is at Angers, and others have been formed in Bavaria, in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Italy, and in England. These are all conducted on the same plan, and under the same rule, being directed by the sisters of charity of the Good Shepherd, those generous and self-devoted friends of humanity, who consecrate their lives to soothe the sorrows, and repair the wrongs, which a selfish immorality had inflicted on the unprotected, the weak, or too confiding.

Wherever this society has established one of its institutions, the blessings of its successful charity have more than compensated for all the assistance and encouragement extended to it. The establishment at Angers maintains three hundred female penitents; that at Lisle one hundred and sixty; the other houses number in proportion to their locality and the period of their foundation; but all presenting a favorable evidence of the useful benevolence of their charitable conductors. Such being the case, it is not surprising

that the municipal authorities of the towns of France where they have been established, should afford them protection and assistance.—*Catholic Advocate.*

INDIAN MISSIONS.—We have heard since the return of Father de Smet from the Rocky Mountains, that about *nineteen hundred* Indians of the Flat Head tribe had been converted. The worthy missionary gives a most edifying account of their extreme punctuality in the observance of all their religious duties, rivalling the accounts which we read of the primitive Christians. Many of them approach the holy communion every Sunday morning.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Practical Discourses on the perfections and wonderful works of God, and on the divinity and wonderful works of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Joseph Reeve. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. 8vo. pp. 455.

The lips of Eternal Truth have declared:—"This is life everlasting, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John, xvii.) Upon the knowledge which the Christian has of the divine attributes, must depend, in a great degree, his submission to, and his zeal in, the observance of the law of God. "From that knowledge," says the author, "he must draw every efficacious motive of serving God with fidelity and truth to the end of life." For this reason the holy scriptures are replete with instruction on this subject, and the works of the best writers on Christian morality dwell at length on the divine perfections, as the most powerful considerations by which the negligent Christian may be roused from his lethargy, the hopes of the desponding awakened, and the virtuous animated in the fervent practice of duty. As an auxiliary in this excellent work, the volume before us is well entitled to public esteem. The truths which it proposes to explain, are developed in a forcible and interesting manner, while of their own nature they are calculated to produce the most salutary impressions. The typographical execution of the volume, which was sent to us by the publisher, is in his usual creditable style; the type large, and suited to readers in every period of life.

The Flowers of Heaven; or, the examples of the saints proposed to the imitation of Christians: Translated from the French of Abbé Orsini. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr., 12mo. pp. 386.

We are indebted to the publisher for a copy of this work, which is in every respect deserving of commendation. The mechanical department is beautiful, and corresponds with the contents of the book, which, for sound instruction, and the agreeable style in which it is conveyed, is not excelled by any other publication of the kind. The object of it is to vindicate the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church, relative to the invocation and veneration of the saints, and to exhibit for imitation some of the principal features in the example of those holy personages. By presenting the work to the public in an English dress, distinguished for its elegance, the translator has added another claim to the many he already possessed upon the gratitude of the Catholic body, and enriched their literature with a most instructive and delightful volume.

The First and Second Book of Reading Lessons, compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Philadelphia. Eugene Cummiskey. 2 vols. pp. 48 and 144.

We have received from the publisher these books, which, although issued from the press many months since, are well worthy of being frequently recommended for the use of schools. The lessons are so arranged as to form a course, by which the learner is gradually conducted from the first elements of grammar, through every department which it embraces, while at the same time the excellent and varied instruction which forms the subject of these lessons, must store the youthful mind with knowledge and inspire the heart with a love of virtue. For these purposes, the books compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools are the best that could be used. They are for sale at the stores of Messrs. Lucas and Murphy in Baltimore.

The Universal Reading Book, compiled for the use of Schools. Philadelphia: E. Cummiskey. 12mo. pp. 128.

We have examined this work, and found it similar in its arrangements to those which we have just noticed. The instruction is gradual, and of such a character as to improve the heart while it enlightens the mind. It may be had in Baltimore of F. Lucas and J. Murphy.

Select Poems by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Fourth Edition, with illustrations. Philadelphia: Ed. C. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 324.

For this volume we are indebted to the politeness of the publisher, of whose well known taste and enterprize it is a beautiful specimen, being printed in handsome style, and enriched with five elegant engravings. As to the contents of the volume they are such as might be expected from a mind like that of Mrs. Sigourney, full of poetical inspiration, and, with some exceptions, felicitous in sentiment. The work is for sale in Baltimore at John Murphy's.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, &c. with numerous illustrations. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. Pp. 191.

This is one of the few tales that have not lost by age their primitive attraction. The story of Robinson Crusoe was written about one hundred and fifty years ago, and still retains that interest which renders it a most popular work. The present edition has been particularly adapted for the use of young persons, and beautifully illustrated with plates and other ornaments, which recommend it as a most suitable present for children. It is sold in Baltimore by John Murphy.

Notices of several other publications have been omitted for want of space.

OBITUARY.

Died on the 7th November, at Rome, *Cardinal Rivarola*, prefect of the Congregation of Buon Governo.

Died on the 17th of December last, *Rev. Jas. Graham*, a native of the County Longford, Ireland, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The deceased was pastor of Macon, in Georgia, and was distinguished for his virtues as a Christian priest and his acquirements as a scholar.

R. I. P.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have received several communications for insertion in our Magazine, for which we return our thanks to the respective contributors. Among them we will mention particularly a translation entitled *Lorenzo, Letters of two Philosophers, St. Peter's Church and Calvert Hall*, and *Catholic Melodies*, Nos. I and II. These melodies are from the gifted pen of a lady, who writes over the signature of Moina, and whose talents are of a high order. The reader will judge from the admirable and instructive *Tale* which she has furnished for the present number of our Magazine, that her qualifications as a prose writer are of no ordinary description, and we are pleased to state that her poetical effusions possess an equal merit. In our next, will appear No. I of the series which she has kindly consented to contribute.

Our readers will perceive that two articles in this number treat of subjects which relate wholly or peculiarly to the city of Rome. It is our design to call frequent attention to this centre of Catholic unity, to its learned and charitable institutions, and to the services which it has rendered to civilization and science, particularly through the instrumentality of its sovereign Pontiffs; because there is no topic, in reference to which our dissenting brethren are more studiously kept in the dark by ignorant or malevolent writers, than the past and present glory of Catholic Rome. The elucidation of her history must necessarily counteract the influence of such attempts, while it strengthens the faith of the Catholic and exhibits to his admiration its power and vitality at the fountainhead of the Christian economy.

It will doubtless be gratifying to those who feel an interest in the diffusion of the arts, and especially in their connection with religion, to learn that a series of articles on the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in this country, are in preparation for our periodical, by R. C. Long, Esq., whose intimate acquaintance with the science and refined taste are a sufficient earnest of the merit that will characterize his contributions.

We are deeply indebted to our highly respected friend of the *Catholic Herald*, for the solicitude which he has expressed in relation to one of our valued correspondents. It must be admitted that the feeling strain of the *Cupio Dissolvi*,* over the emptiness of human things, considered in connection with the place where it was poured forth, afforded some ground for apprehension. But we are happy to inform him that no *explosion* has occurred, and that the author of the poem, as may be gathered from his contribution in this number, is rather *concentrating* his talents for the production of such beautiful and touching effusions as our esteemed cotemporary very justly lauded a few weeks since.

* See *Religious Cabinet*, p. 591.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 18610 2

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.